

B.C.S.

JUNE 1956

THE MAGAZINE OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



B. C. S.



**THE MAGAZINE OF
BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.**

BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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The Kenneth Hugessen Prize for Creative Writing—P. White

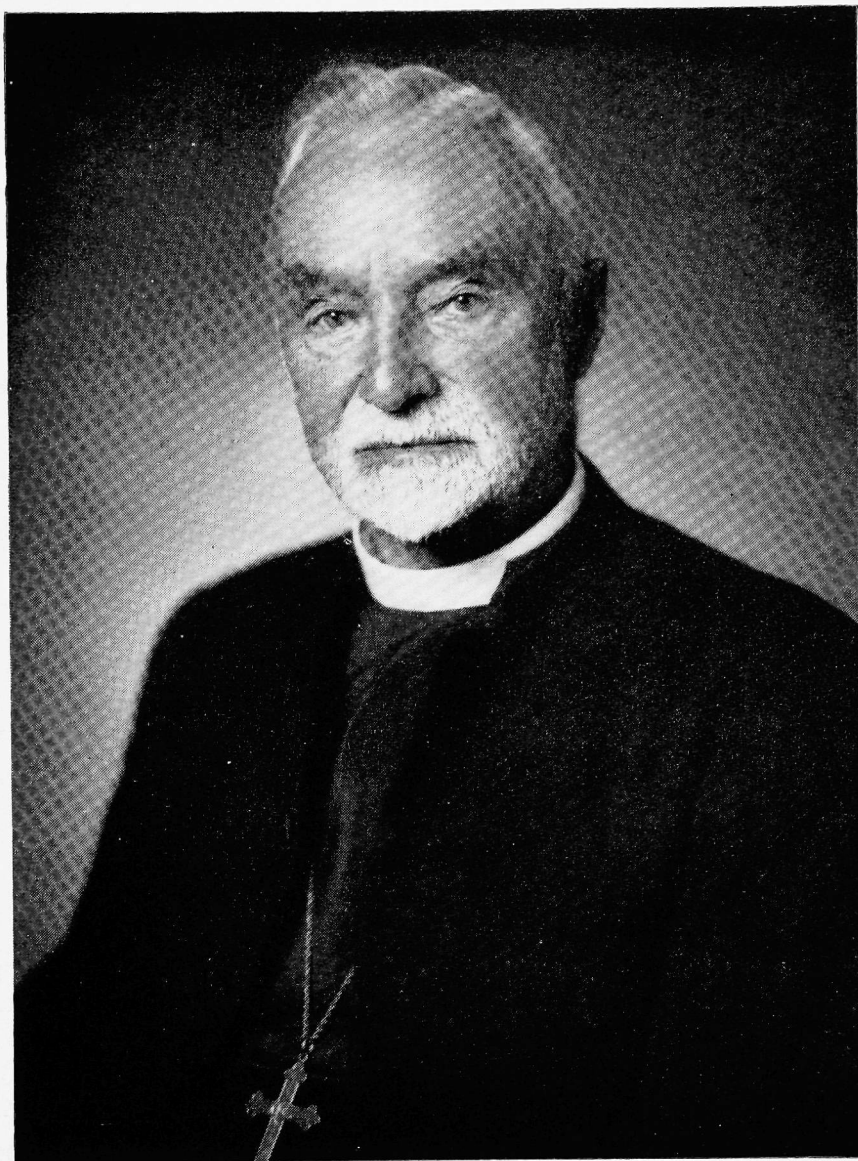
The Warren Hale Essay Prize—M. Bell

*Magazine Ties—The Editors, and D. Robinson, G. Gay, R. Pitcher,
W. Hambly, J. Miller, G. Leach*

Cover Photograph by Gordon & Winder Reg'd of Sherbrooke

Section Cover Drawings by G. Bladon

Photos (top to bottom) on Page 9 by Karsh; 10, D. Hyman; 12, B.C.S. Camera Club; 13, B.C.S. Camera Club and G. Gay; 15, 16, D. Hyman; 18, R. Pitcher; 19 - 21, B.C.S. Camera Club; 21, G. Gay; 24 - 37, Sears Studio of Sherbrooke; 38, Dixon, Montreal; 40, D. Hyman; 44, G. Gay; 53, G. Gay; 54, D. Hyman; 56 - 60, Sears Studio of Sherbrooke; 60, 62, 67, Prep Camera Club.



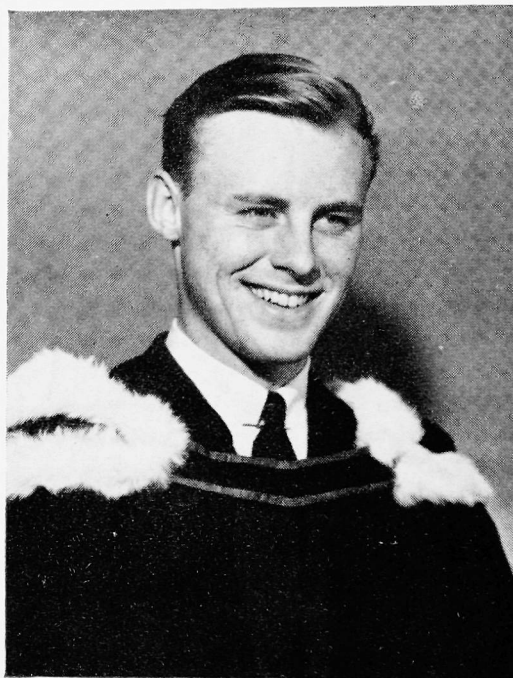
*The Right Reverend Lennox Williams, D.D., D.C.L.
(B.C.S. 1870-1876)*

*our oldest Old Boy, and the oldest Bishop of the
Christian Churches of the world, to whom
this issue of the Magazine is dedicated
with admiration and respect.*

STAFF NOTES



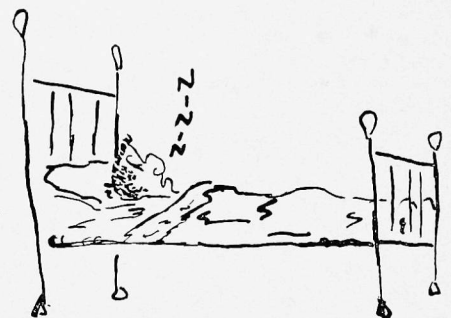
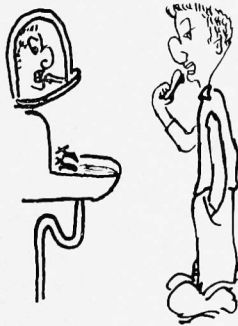
J. G. Patriquin, Esq., B.A., who came to the School in 1929, has been appointed to the post of Senior Master. In 1937 Mr. Patriquin became Housemaster of the newly created Williams House, which was enlarged in 1948 to accommodate 25 senior boys. For many years Mr. Patriquin has been Head of the History and Geography Departments, and Senior Games Master. In the latter capacity he has been mainly responsible for the organization of B.C.S. hockey. In the '30's he evolved a system of minor 'creases' and teams which have had the vital effect of discovering and training the greater number of the players who have represented the School on the many successful First Teams of the last twenty years. The team which he himself coaches, the Abenakis, has consistently distinguished itself, and this year, for the third time under his direction, won the Eastern Townships Midget Championship of the Quebec Minor Hockey Association.



E. B. Pilgrim, Esq., M.A., has been appointed Housemaster of Williams House. Mr. Pilgrim came to B.C.S. in 1948 from Bishop's University, where he had distinguished himself in athletics (including representing the College in the Boston Marathon), and in inter-collegiate Debating. An Old Ashburian, he was Head Prefect, and during his last two years at the School was Lt.Col. of the Cadet Corps, and Football and Hockey Captain. He taught for a year at Ashbury before going on to Bishop's University.

Before being appointed to Williams House, Mr. Pilgrim was Assistant Housemaster of School House. He teaches History, English and Latin, and coaches First Team Football and Cricket, and Bantam Hockey.

SCHOOL RECORD



CHAPEL NOTES

On any occasion when parents are with us, it is impossible to worship together in St. Mark's Chapel. Only 25 boys were able to sit in the congregation at this year's Confirmation Service, and most of these were in chairs on the aisle.

The first duty of any School is to worship God, to give its best and most beautiful in its Chapel Services, and to vitalize character. No one can, therefore, rest content until it is possible and customary for all parents and friends who are visiting the School to worship with us regularly.

At Thanksgiving and for our Carol Service we were rescued from our predicament by the kindness of the Rector of St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke. For Thanksgiving we were fortunate also in having with us the Archbishop, who preached the sermon, and in spite of the early hour (9.30 a.m.) it was most encouraging to see the Church filled.

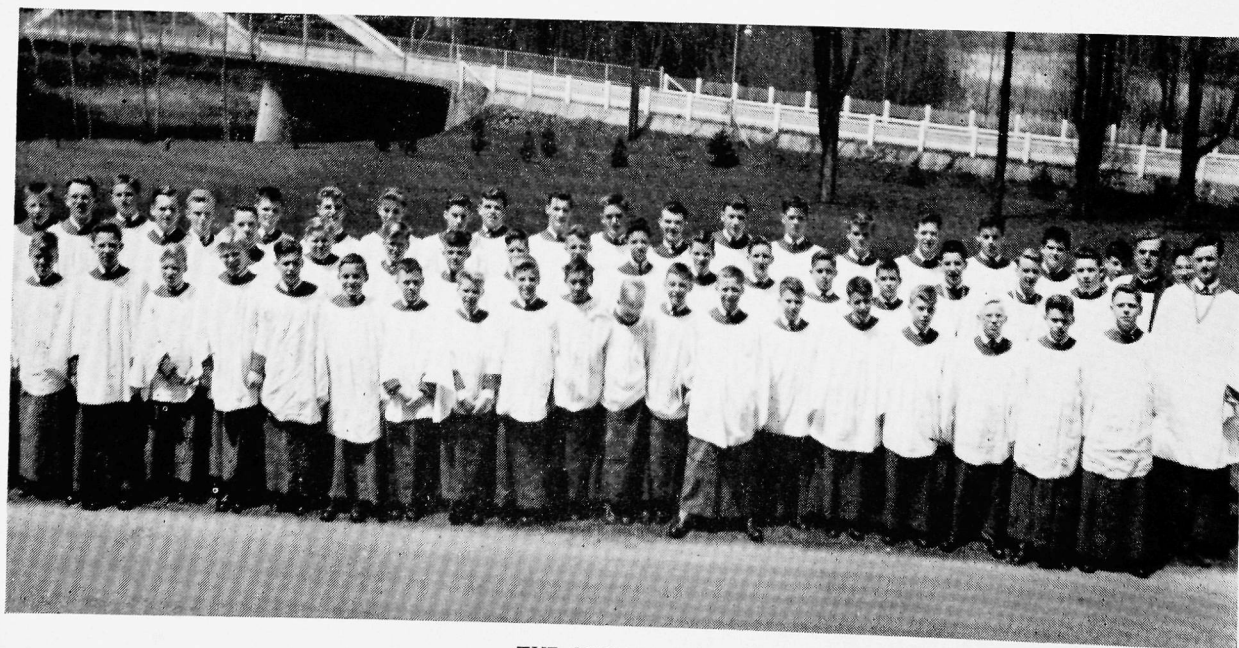
Some small changes were made in the form of the Carol Service in order to bring the congregation more closely into it. There were fewer solos and more combined singing of the favourite Christmas hymns.

For the second year White has been an excellent Head Server. The standard of Bible reading is high, and all the Servers have been conscientious in their duties. They are: Gallop, Huband, Knight, Roland, and Byers.

Our thanks are due to the visitors who have preached to us this year: The Archbishop of Quebec, the Bishop of the Yukon, and Mr. Peter Davies, who is to be ordained in England, and to Dean Jellicoe, the Rev. Elton Scott, and the Rev. Lewis Clarke, who have kindly assisted at our Communion Services.

On Sunday, May 13th, the following were confirmed by the Archbishop of Quebec: Upper School: Roger Bell, Douglas Bruce, Malcolm Call, David Caron, William Church, Ernest Cousins, Stephen Cushing, Garth Fox, Donald Lewis, Clifford Mitchell, Stephen Owen, Frederick Pauly, Lawrence Peck, Christopher Ross, Stephen Setlakwe, David Tomlinson, Norman Webster, Robert Yuile.

Preparatory School: Peter Ashworth, Eric von Colditz, William Hand, David McEntyre, David Patriquin, Hal Prescott, and Mr. George Wilson.



THE CHOIR, 1955-56

CHOIR

There have been three major achievements this year. In the first place, the Choir learnt Stanford's setting of the Holy Communion, and sang this with the Choir of St. George's Cathedral, Kingston (under the direction of Mr. George Maybee) on the occasion of their visit to St. Peter's Church in Sherbrooke in November. This was a service which our boys will long remember. A hundred choir men and boys were fitted into the choir stalls, and the Church was packed. There were also many other pleasant memories of that week-end—a concert given by the Kingston Choir in the Bishop's University Auditorium before an audience of 900—their singing of the Coronation Anthems on Sunday—not to mention the two hockey matches between their choir and ours. We look forward to further combined efforts by our two choirs. Both the previous visits have had outstanding effects on our singing.

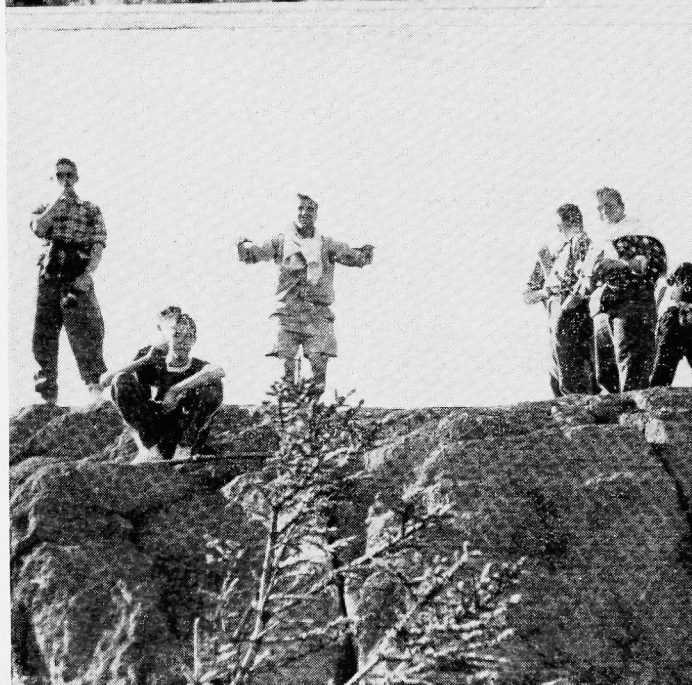
The second major event was the winning of the choral competition in the Sherbrooke Youth Festival in April. The choir sang "Blessed be the God and Father," Wesley, (Malcolm Rowat soloist) and "Caelos Ascendit Hodie," Stanford.

Also during April the Choir visited Montreal and sang both Mattins and Evensong at Christ Church Cathedral. This was the first time we had sung two full Cathedral services with anthems. Dr. Drummond Wolff played the organ at both services, and during the day parts of the service were broadcast by CFCF.

Apart from these highlights of the year the most noticeable progress has been made in the solo singing. Bell I (bass) and Knight (tenor), Mitchell (alto), and Rowat I, Collyer, Bell II and Rowat II (trebles) have all sung solos during the year. The greatest credit, however, should go to two people, Tom Hall, the Head of the Choir, and Donald Patriquin, our organist. Tom has set an example of unselfish hard work; not a soloist, not even wishing to be in the limelight himself, there has never been a time when he did not know all his own work and most of the other parts as well. He has given gramophone records and tapes to the Choir, but, most valuable of all, his enthusiasm. As for Donald Patriquin, how should we have managed without him? Our organist at all our Sunday services, our pianist at daily prayer and practices, our accompanist at Gilbert and Sullivan, and a bass in the Choir at Christ Church Cathedral!

We wish to thank also Miss Reyner for her work in keeping us smart, Mr. Moffat for his interest and for bringing us safely through the Montreal trip, and Brainerd, the Choir Librarian.

A new twelve-inch long-playing record of the music sung by the Choir during the past year is available to parents and friends of the School at \$3.00.



THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Five years ago, the parliamentary system of debate was replaced by a "free society system." This system provides for teams of from two to four men to present the "pros" and "cons" of the subject under debate. The members not actually upholding a point of view "from the bill" are allowed a few minutes in which to state their opinions or to bring out points which may have been overlooked. After this, the leaders of the negative and affirmative are called upon, in that order, to present their rebuttals. A vote is then called for, and the chairman declares the motion carried or lost on the basis of this vote.

This year, the size of the society led to its division into two "houses," one for the middle school group, the other for the seniors. Meetings were carried on on alternate weeks. Total membership in both "houses" numbered about eighty.

Officers for the year were: M. Bell, President; P. White, Vice-President; M. Huband, Treasurer; J. Roland and R. Judge, Sixth Form Secretaries; N. Webster and P. Cumyn, Fourth Form Secretaries.

This year, Mr. Doheny resigned his familiar position as chairman of the society, but continued to honour both "houses" with his attendance and occasional comments.

The Debating Society year opened with a Hat Night on January 20th. Twenty-six members from both "houses" spoke.

JUNIOR HOUSE

Debates held by the Junior House this year were: "City Life is Preferable to Country Life." Speakers were: for the affirmative, C. Mejia, P. Gillespie and C. Sise; for the negative, N. Webster, J. Meakins and P. Cumyn. The motion was lost. "Capital Punishment Should be Abolished." Speakers were: for the affirmative, C. Mejia, C. Howard, C. Ross and S. Setlakwe; for the negative, M. Ayre, G. Gay, D. Langley, and J. Khazzam. The

motion was lost. "Children Under Sixteen Should be Admitted to Motion Picture Theatres." Speakers were: for the affirmative, M. Bouchette, N. Brown, D. Rowat and H. Holman; for the negative, C. Hart, A. Kyrtsis, J. Collyer and D. Wanklyn. The motion was carried.

SENIOR HOUSE

Debates held by the Senior House this year were: "B.C.S. Should Have a Student's Council." Speakers were: for the affirmative, J. Donald, P. Johnston, L. Koraen and J. Dalglish; for the negative, W. Brainerd, J. Roland, D. Patriquin, and F. Wanklyn. The motion was carried. "Conscription Should be Carried on in Canada in Peacetime as Well as in Wartime." Speakers were: for the affirmative, G. Leach, W. Hambly and P. McLennon; for the negative, W. Goodenough, P. Johnston and D. Hyman. The motion was lost.

The annual trials for the Rotary Club of Montreal Boys' Public Speaking Contest were held on the twenty-fourth of February. Eight members of the Society competed in these trials. P. White was finally chosen as the Society Representative. He competed in Sherbrooke against representatives of six other Eastern Townships schools, and won with the topic, "The Value of a Good Teacher." No B.C.S. representative attended The Model United Nations at Plymouth, N.H., this year.

The Society Year ended with an inter-house debate on the topic: "Women Dress More Sensibly Than Men." Speakers were: for the affirmative, upheld by the Junior House, P. Cumyn, D. Wanklyn, C. Mejia, and N. Webster; for the negative, upheld by the Senior House, W. Goodenough, M. Huband, R. Judge and W. Brainerd. The motion was lost.

The last meeting was closed with a vote of thanks to Mr. Doheny for his efforts on behalf of the Secretary.

T. GOODENOUGH, (Form C VI 1)

THE CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club began its activities this year with a good turnout of twenty-four members. As a good many of the new members had obtained some previous experience in the Prep Camera Club, an exhibition was held in the second term. Mr. C. Baudot, a well known Sherbrooke photographer, was kind enough to judge the exhibition. His criticisms and comments were of tremendous value to the Club. First prize in the old members'

class was awarded to Hall, and Gay placed first in the new members' class.

We would like to thank Mr. Baudot and Mr. Moffat for their contributions of their time and knowledge to the Club.

Officers for the year were: President, T. Hall; Vice-President, D. Hyman; Secretary, R. Pitcher.

T. HALL, (Form VII)

PLAYERS' CLUB



"MY THREE ANGELS"

It would be easy enough, perhaps true enough, to say that this year's School Play, performed on February 8th and 9th, was a 'rollicking success' and reflected great credit on all those who performed in it. But the presentation of the play was good enough to deserve more serious and more critical attention than that which could equally well be given to a Wolf Cub entertainment.

At the beginning of the Lent Term Mr. Evans, who had directed the early stages of rehearsal, had to withdraw, and the players were confronted by a new director, who knew considerably less about the play than they did. That they managed successfully to surmount this difficulty is a more considerable achievement than people unfamiliar with play production will realize.

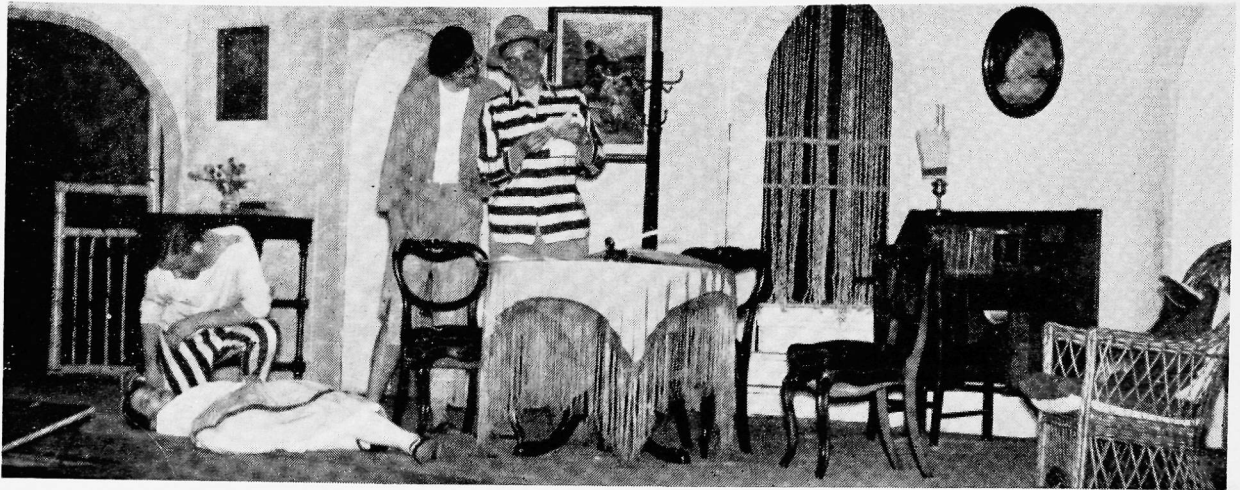
The stage crew was deprived of expert advice, but—and this is to a great extent due to the hard work and enthusiasm of the Stage Manager, Bryan Badger—they did a very competent job of preparing the setting for the play. No very accomplished artist was available, and consequently the stage was an odd mixture of realism and illusion, and some parts were more illusive than others. The lighting was not always successful, but in general it avoided many of the familiar amateur jolts and shadow shows on the proscenium.

The story was of three convicts who, on Christmas Eve, 1910, descended (literally) upon a small general store in the convict settlement at Cayenne, and by a judicious mixture of genial murder and sub-ethical wisdom saved the incompetent store-keeper and his family from eviction by the disagreeable owner and his acquisitive nephew.

Peter White, as the most sympathetic of the three convicts, handled his part extremely deftly, never faltered, and always looked to be well in command of the situation. John Roland, after early misgivings about the caricature that he was intended to portray, gave his performance with electrifying gusto, and came near to stealing the show as he descended perilously close to farce. Gordon Eberts, as the third of the convicts, was too much conscious of his audience on the night when the school was present, but was much more effective at the second performance.

Perhaps the highest praise should go to Michael Huband, although his portrayal of Emilie Ducotel, the store-keeper's wife, was not entirely successful. He had a long and very exacting "not quite" part: not quite sunk into middle age, not quite defeated by circumstances, not quite resigned to disillusionment. Many of the places where the play dragged came while he was at the centre of the stage, and much of the blame for this must rest with the script. The part would have taxed an experienced performer, and Huband, in the guise of an unfamiliar sex, did all that could be expected of him and more, and did it in a way that few schoolboys could have excelled.

Roger Bell, in his first appearance on the school stage, played the part of the Ducotel's daughter, and was a perfect *jeune première* down to his knees: the size of his feet made him look, when speed was called for, somewhat as if he were heading for a first down. But this inevitable disadvantage was largely concealed by the footlights, and he showed a nice sense of timing, genuine feeling for



the stage, and considerable promise for the future. Robin Pitcher, the third of the ladies, had a small part and needed only to come on stage in order to be a success.

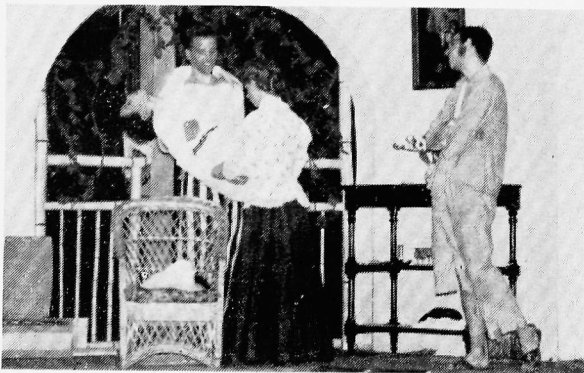
Brian Vintcent portrayed the fluttering, ineffectual incompetence of Ducotel in one of the play's most effective performances, and Winthrop Brainerd tramped the boards as a pompous and intolerant villain. Both these performers were hampered, in different ways, by a lack of range in voice and gesture, but they had been well cast and contributed largely to the success of the performance.

Sidney Oland had a straight part as the young and chilly nephew and, with little to get hold of in his search for the way he should perform, was too wooden to be wholly successful. Geoffrey Bladon had little to do but walk on and look agreeable as the answer to a maiden's prayers.

Apart from those who appeared on the stage, many others did a great deal of hard work behind the scenes. Miss Watson handled the costumes with great skill; Peter Gallop diligently looted neighbouring houses for the properties; the make-up was very professionally

applied; for long hours Tom Gillespie, the prompter, lurked faithfully beneath the stage like the ghost of Hamlet's father; and many others gave up a great deal of time to do work which, if it seemed unrewarding, was certainly indispensable. Special mention should be made of those who cleared the dust off the School Press and, in a very short time and with very little previous experience, set up the type for the programme.

It remains only to say a gratuitous word about the audience. On the first night, members of the school and guests from Compton were present, and the homogeneity of this full house ensured a receptive audience that was all too easy to please. On the second night the audience was small and the actors had to work much harder to 'get the play across.' No doubt this was good for them, but the smallness of the audience was discouraging after the work that had been done to advertise the production. It is a sorry commentary on modern standards of entertainment to reflect how much bigger the audience might have been if the play had come, flickering, across a twenty-one-inch screen.



THE PRINTING CLUB

The long-dormant Printing Club was revived this year by several self-instructed enthusiasts who teamed together and, starting from a jumbled jig-saw of lead lettering, in the space of two days produced a perfect program for the Players' Club. Since its hectic rebirth, the club, with the guidance of Mr. R. J. L. Greaves and advice of Mr. F. R. Pattison, has progressed rapidly, doing printing assignments for the whole school.

The press is located in the closet of one of the head boys, a double decked affair with Bill Clough and Brian Badger setting type upstairs, and Jan Gerhardt and Tom

Goodenough running the press downstairs, while Don Robinson the choreographer, commutes between the two levels via a ladder.

The old press has been reconditioned and some new type has been purchased. Allowance has been made for junior members in the club, who will learn the technique and carry on next year.

If the future members of the B.C.S. press show the same enthusiasm as this year's group, the club promises to become once more one of the school's established organizations.

D. ROBINSON, (Form C VI)

THE CADET CORPS NOTES

No. 2 Bishop's College School Cadet Corps this year completed its ninety-fifth year of continuous service. The Corps was founded in 1861 as an "Association for the Purpose of Drill."

Thirty parades were held for the purpose of drill and training in accordance with The Royal Canadian Army Cadets Training Programme for the Year.

Appointments for the year were: Cadet Major, E. Eberts, C.O.; Cadet Captain, T. Hall, 2/ic; Cadet Lieutenants, T. Goodenough, Corps Adjutant; D. Robinson, G. Eberts and J. Roland, Platoon Officers.

Cadet Company Sergeant Major, P. MacKay; Cadet Staff Sergeant, D. Patriquin, Band Master; Cadet Company Quartermaster Sergeant, P. Hallam.

Other Cadet N.C.O.s were Cadet Sergeants, W. Clough, D. Hyman, R. Jamieson and P. White; Cadet Corporals B. Badger, R. Bradshaw, M. Byers, M. Call, D. Conyers, E. Cousins, K. Drysdale, R. Ferguson, P. Gallop, T. Gillespie, P. Hyndman, H. Knight, S. Molson, S. Oland, T. Rankin, W. Sewell, B. Sharp, F. Wanklyn, and R. Anderson; Cadet Lance Corporals R. Juster and P. Tomlinson.

Lectures were given on subjects including Light Machine Gun, Map Reading, Rifle, and First Aid. An inter-platoon competition was held on the basis of results from written tests on lecture subjects combined with points given for attendance, general appearance, drill, and shooting. The competition was won by No. 3 Platoon, commanded by Cadet Lieutenant J. Roland.

All Cadets fired standard qualification rifle targets. A high percentage obtained marksman ratings. The inter-platoon shooting competition was won by No. 3 Platoon.

A special guard paraded to the Lennoxville Cenotaph on November the sixth to take part in annual Remembrance Day Services.

Special lectures during the year were given by Lieutenant Warner of The Sherbrooke Regiment, who lectured on military small arms, and Mr. E. Hetherington, who lectured on first aid.

The Cadet Corps year ended with the Annual Inspection held on the sixteenth of May. The inspecting officer was Brigadier C. M. Drury, C.B.E., D.S.O., E.D. (Ret). The Corps was also honoured by the presence of two officers from The Black Watch of Montreal, our affiliated militia unit.

Special displays for the inspection were put on by several squads. A Light Machine Gun Squad trained by Cadet M. Huband gave a short demonstration. A First Aid Squad, trained by Mr. E. Hetherington and led by Cadet Corporal R. Bradshaw, gave a demonstration of the use of splints, bandaging, and handling of the wounded.

A large Gym Squad made up of boys from both the Upper and Preparatory schools was trained by Captain Abbott. They gave a particularly good demonstration of work on the box horse and on the mats.

The ceremony of changing the guard was carried out by a group of picked Cadets. Cadet Captain T. Hall and Cadet Lieutenant G. Eberts acted as guards commanders.

The Band had a successful year, and Bandsmen took part in all inter-platoon activities. Special Band training was supervised by Cadet Staff Sergeant D. Patriquin, Mr. J. Pratt, and Cadet Sergeant D. Hyman.

The following awards were presented by Brigadier Drury: Best Recruit, Cadet J. Hodgkin; Best Cadet, Cadet M. Huband; Most Efficient Cadet, N.C.O. Corporal M. Byers; Most Efficient Cadet Officer, Cadet Lieutenant D. Robinson; Most Efficient Cadet in the Corps regardless of Rank, Cadet Major E. Eberts.

T. W. GOODENOUGH,
Cadet Lieutenant and Adjutant



B.C.S. VARIETIES

B.C.S. Varieties made its debut before a capacity crowd in the gym on March the 3rd. The show, which was M.C.'d by Donald Robinson, started off with a selection of numbers from the Pirates of Penzance done by the choir, under the direction of Rev. H. Forster. It featured Michael Bell, Peter White, Mrs. Senior and Mr. Forster in title roles.

The next act was a great success. George Parker produced a skit depicting a "roaring 90's" bar. The players spoke not a word, but the 'band' more than made up for this.

One of the feature acts of the evening was the "Ryth-meters," with Philip Baker on drums, Colin Moseley playing the maroccas, and Deane Nesbitt tickling the ivories.

Despite some trouble caused by a defective clarinet, Derek Hallam went on to make like Benny Goodman, assisted by Donald Patriquin at the piano and Phillip Baker on the drums.

The other hit act was "Arkansas Albert" and his guitar, "portrayed" by Robert Cruikshank.

The surprise act of the show was produced and introduced by Mr. C. G. M. Grier, and featured Mr. Glass as the station master, Mr. Evans as Maw, Mr. Doheny as Paw, and Mr. Arnold Sharp as their 'problem child'. This act was put together five minutes before it was put on, but nevertheless was a big hit.

Everest would have been ascended, but for the intervention of a Bunny by the name of Andy, portrayed by John Donald. The climbers, Peter Johnson and Brian Sharp, called in Inspector Sherlock played by John John Dalglish, and his dog Watson, Ernest Cousins. The mystery was soon solved, and the Empire, and others, were duly honoured.

A big hand should go to Winthrop Brainerd for his two appearances doing his ever popular imitations, and for the prominent part he played in other skits.

The show ended on a rather gory note, when doctors Robert Juster and George Parker performed a short, painless, operation on Donald Robinson, the M.C., who was, unfortunately, unable to appear again in the show.

D. ROBINSON, (Form C VI)



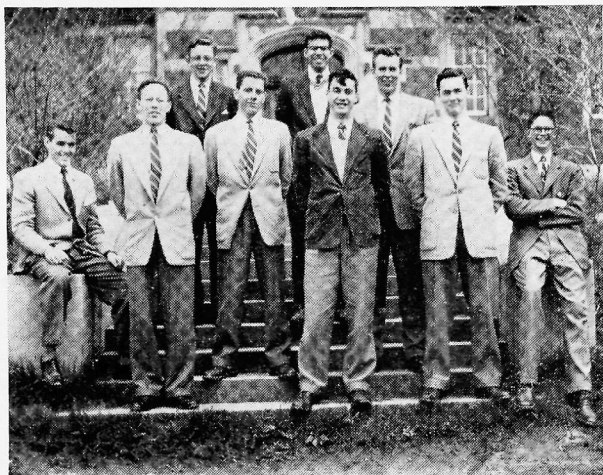
Top:—Bell I as the Pirate King and White as the Major-General in "The Pirates."

Middle:—Messrs. The Headmaster, Doheny, Evans and Sharp in "Crossing the Tracks."

Bottom:—Messrs. Senior and Mr. Forster as Mabel and Frederic in "The Pirates."

THE SENIOR FORMS

SEVENTH FORM



EBERTS, EDMUND; 1951; Smith House; Head Prefect; Cadet Major; 1st Football Colours (Ass't Capt.); 1st Hockey Colours (Capt.); 1st Cricket Team; Cleghorn Cup; Winder Trophy.

GILLESPIE, THOMAS; 1950; Williams House; Prefect; Cadet Corporal; Players' Club; VIIth Form Chalet Representative; 1st Football Manager; 1st Hockey Colours; 1st Cricket Team; Winner Junior Tennis Doubles.

HALL, THOMAS; 1952; Chapman House; Prefect; Cadet Captain; Head Chorister; Magazine Photo Editor; Camera Club President; 1st Football Team; Orphans Hockey; Track Team.

KNIGHT, HENRY; 1954; Chapman House; Cadet Corporal; Choir; Server; Chalet; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours.

MACKAY, PETER; 1949; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Sergeant-Major; Choir; Players' Club; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours (Vice-Capt.); 1st Cricket Colours (Capt); Winner of Junior All-Round '53

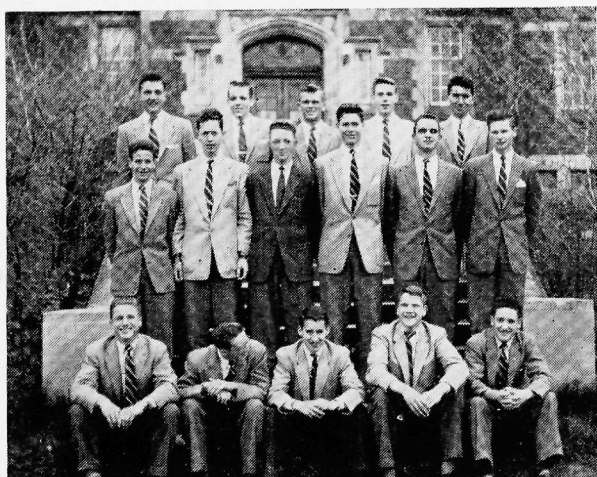
PARKER, GEORGE; 1954; Smith House; Chalet.

PATRIQUIN, DONALD; 1946; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Staff Sergeant, Band Major; Choir Member and Organist; Players' Club; Camera Club; Arts Club; Soccer Team; Bantams Hockey.

ROLAND, JOHN; 1952; Chapman House; Prefect; Cadet Lieutenant; Server; Debating Society (Sec'y); Players' Club; Magazine Sports Editor; 1st Football Colours; Abenakis Hockey; Track Team; Winner of Junior Cross Country, Junior All-Round, Rankin Trophy.

WHITE, PETER; 1949-51, 1953; Chapman House; Prefect; Cadet Sergeant; Choir; Head Server; Debating Society (Vice-Pres.); Players' Club; Magazine Editor-in-Chief; French Club; 1st Football Manager; 1st Ski Colours.

MATRICULATION SIXTH FORM



BELL, MICHAEL; 1952; Chapman House; Head Boy; Choir; Debating Society (Pres. Chairman); Players' Club; Magazine Literary Editor; 2nd Football Team; Orphans Hockey; 2nd Cricket Team; 1st Cricket Manager.

CLOUGH, WILLIAM; 1949; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Sergeant; Players' Club; Printing Club; 1st Football Team; Orphans Hockey; Track Team.

DAVIDSON, PETER; 1953; Smith House.

DRYSDALE, KEVIN; 1954; Chapman House; Cadet Corporal; Chalet Treasurer; 1st Football Team; Abenakis Hockey; Winner Junior Cross Country '54.

FERGUSON, ROBERT; 1951; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Corporal; Players' Club; Orphans Hockey.

FIELDING, HENRY; 1955; School House; Soccer Team.

GALLOP, PETER; 1953; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Corporal; Choir; Server; Debating Society; Players' Club; Magazine Business Manager; Camera Club; French Club; Chalet; Under XVI Football Manager; Mohawks Hockey 2nd Colours; Under XVI Cricket; Winner Junior Tennis Singles and Doubles, '54, '55; Winner Invitation Squash Consolation Tournament '54.

HUBAND, MICHAEL; 1949; Smith House; Head Boy; Server; Debating Society Treasurer; Players' Club; Magazine School Notes Editor; Abenakis Hockey (Vice-Capt.) 2nd Colours; Under XVI Cricket (Vice-Capt.) 2nd Colours; Winner Junior Tennis Doubles '55.

KHAZZAM, SASSOON; 1955; School House; Camera Club; 2nd Football Team; Orphans Hockey.

LEACH, GEOFFREY; 1953; Williams House; Debating Society; Magazine Ass't Business Manager; Camera Club; Chalet.

OLAND, SIDNEY; 1951; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Corporal; Players' Club; Chalet; 1st Football Team; Abenakis Hockey (Capt.); Under XVI Cricket (Capt.).

PENHALE, JOHN; 1950; Smith House; Head Boy; Soccer Team; 1st Ski Colours (Co-Capt.); Junior Porteous Cup '53.

POLLOCK, DAVID; 1950; Chapman House; Choir; Chalet; Soccer Team; 1st Ski Colours (Co-Capt.).

TEMPLE, JOHN; 1951; Chapman House; Choir; Camera Club; Soccer Team; Junior Ski Team; Track Team.

TOMLINSON, PETER; 1953; Williams House; Cadet Lance-Corporal; Chalet; Porteous Cup.

WANKLYN, FREDERIC; 1953; Chapman House; Prefect; Cadet Corporal; Choir; Players' Club; 1st Football Team; Track Team; Winner Junior Cross Country, '53, Senior '55 (record).

CERTIFICATE SIXTH I



BADGER, BRYAN; 1947; Smith House; Cadet Quartermaster Corporal; Choir; Players' Club; Printing Club; Orphans Hockey; Track Team Manager.

BRADSHAW, RICHARD; 1952; Smith House; Cadet Corporal; Magazine Ass't Business Manager; Chalet; 1st Football Team Manager; Abenakis Hockey Manager.

BRAINERD, WINTHROP; 1951; Chapman House; Choir Librarian; Debating Society; Players' Club; French Club; Chalet; 2nd Football Team Manager; 1st Cricket Team Manager.

BROCK, LEITH; 1953; Williams House; Under XVI Football; Orphans Hockey.

CLARKE, JOHN; 1953; Williams House; Chalet; Soccer.

DONALD, JOHN; 1954; Smith House; French Club; Chalet Vice-Pres.; 1st Football Team; 1st Hockey Colours; 1st Cricket Team.

EBERTS, GORDON; 1952; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Lieutenant; Players' Club; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours; Under XVI Cricket.

GERHARDT, JAN; 1952; Smith House; Head Boy; Players' Club; Printing Club; 1st Football Colours; Orphans Hockey; 1st Cricket Team.

GOODENOUGH, WRIGHT; 1951; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Lieutenant and Adjutant; Debating Society; Players' Club; Camera Club; Printing Club; Chalet; Orphans Hockey; Best N.C.O. Award '55

HANNA, GEOFFREY; 1953; Smith House; Soccer Team; Tyros Hockey.

JAMIESON, ROBERT; 1951; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Sergeant; Players' Club; 1st Football Team; 1st Hockey Colours; 1st Cricket Colours (Vice-Capt.); Winner Senior Singles and Doubles Tennis; Winner Intermediate All-Round '55; Best Recruit Award '52; Best Cadet Award '55.

JUDGE, ROSS; 1952; Williams House; Head Boy; Debating Society (Sec'y.); Chalet; Orphans Hockey.

JUSTER, ROBERT; 1948; Smith House; Cadet Lance-Corporal; French Club; Chalet; 1st Football Team; 1st Ski Colours; Winner of Junior Porteous Cup.

MATTHEWS, PHILIP; 1954; Smith House; Choir; Players' Club; Chalet; Orphans Hockey.

McMASTER, MICHAEL; 1951; Chapman House; Head Boy; Choir; Chalet; Under XVI Football; Abenakis Hockey; Under XVI Cricket; Winner Junior Squash '55.

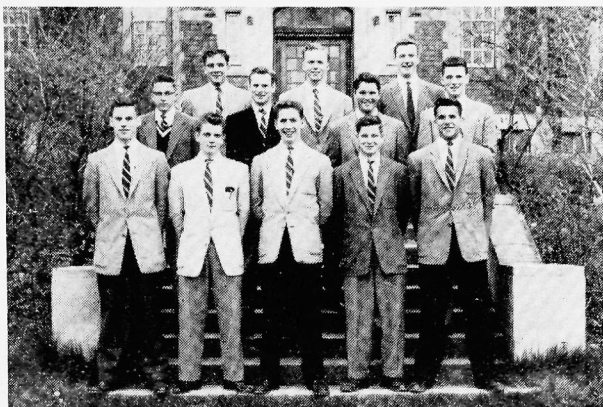
MILLAR, HUGH; 1954; Williams House; Camera Club; Chalet; Under XVI Football (Vice-Capt.); Mohawks Hockey (Vice-Capt.); Under XVI Cricket; Winner Junior Tennis Doubles.

MOLSON, STEPHEN; 1949; Smith House; Head Boy; Cadet Corporal; Server; 1st Football Colours; 1st Hockey Colours; 1st Cricket Colours; Winner Junior All-Round '53.

ROBINSON, DONALD; 1953; Smith House; Prefect; Cadet Lieutenant; Printing Club; Chalet President; 1st Football Manager; 1st Hockey Manager.

WALTERS, BRUCE; 1955; School House; Soccer; Skiing.

CERTIFICATE SIXTH 2



DALGLISH, JOHN; 1952; Williams House; Chalet VIth Form Representative; Orphans Hockey; Under XVI Cricket.

HALLAM, DEREK; 1952; Smith House; Cadet C.Q.M.S.; Chalet; 1st Hockey Colours; Marksman.

HAMILTON, DAVID; 1952; Chapman House; Chalet; 2nd Football Team (Capt.); Mohawks Hockey; Track Team.

HODGKIN, JOHN; 1955; School House; Marksman.

HYMAN, DAVID; 1952; Smith House; Cadet Sergeant; Players' Club; Magazine Ass't Photo Editor; Camera Club Treasurer; Chalet; Under XVI Football.

JOHNSTON, PETER; 1953; Smith House; Chalet; 2nd Football Team; Abenakis Hockey.

KORAEN, LENNART; 1952; Smith House; Debating Society; Players' Club; Chalet; Soccer (Capt.); Orphans Hockey.

MATTHEWS, THOMAS; 1954; Chapman House; Camera Club; Chalet; Track Team.

SHARP, BRIAN; 1951; Smith House; Cadet Corporal; Choir; Players' Club; Chalet; 1st Football Colours; Orphans Hockey (Capt.); Under XVI Cricket; Track Team.

ANDERSON, ROBERT; 1954; Williams House; Head Boy; Cadet Corporal; Chalet; 1st Football Colours (Vice-Capt.); 1st Hockey Colours (Vice-Capt.); 1st Cricket Team; Cleghorn Cup '55.

CALDWELL, DAVID; 1955; School House; Mohawk Hockey (Vice-Capt.)

CALL, MALCOLM; 1954; Williams House; Cadet Corporal; Chalet; Orphans Hockey; Track Team.

COUSINS, ERNEST; 1954; Smith House; Cadet Corporal; French Club; Chalet; 1st Football Colours; Orphans Hockey (Vice-Capt.); Track Team.



PRIZE LIST, THANKSGIVING, 1955

SPECIAL PRIZES

The Hartland B. MacDougall Medal, K. KYRTSIS.
 The Lieut. Hugh Ross Cleveland Medal, H. FRASER.
 The Headmaster's Prize, J. Milette.
 The Chairman's Prize, G. Eberts.
 The Vice-Chairman's Prize, R. MacDougall.
 The Winder Cup, E. EBERTS.
 B.C.S. Tankards, P. DUFFIELD, K. KYRTSIS, D.
 PATRIQUIN, J. TEARE.
 The Kenneth Hugessen Prize, M. BELL.
 The Grant Hall Medal, M. GORDON.

THE SEVENTH FORM: 1st General Proficiency (The Old Boys' Prize), 1st, P. DUFFIELD; 2nd, K. KYRTSIS; 3rd, J. TEARE.

THE SIXTH FORM: The Capt. J. Melville Greenshields Memorial Scholarship, The Governor-General's Medal, The Lieutenant-Governor's Medal for French, The Sixth Form Prizes for English, Science and Latin, P. WHITE; The Lt.-Col. G. R. Hooper Prize for Mathematics, J. ROLAND; The L/Cpl. Gerry Hanson Prize for History, P. SMITH; General Proficiency Prizes, J. DE LA VERGNE, J. ROLAND, A. SHARP, P. WHITE.

Form V A 1: 1st General Proficiency (The Magor Prize), P. WAIT; 2nd, P. DAVIDSON, 3rd, P. GALLOP; 4th, S. OLAND; 5th, M. HUBAND.

Form V A 2: 1st General Proficiency, K. DRYSDALE.

Form V B: 1st General Proficiency, D. HYMAN.

Form IV A: 1st General Proficiency, 1st, J. ALEXANDER; 2nd, B. VINTCENT; 3rd, M. BYERS; 4th, G. JOHNSTON.

Form IV B: 1st General Proficiency, D. CONYERS.

Form III A: 1st General Proficiency, 1st C. SISE; 2nd, N. WEBSTER; 3rd, P. CUMYN; 4th, A. KYRTSIS; 5th, M. BOUCHETTE.

Form III B: 1st General Proficiency, J. McNeill.

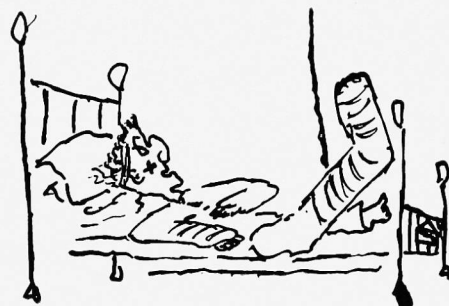
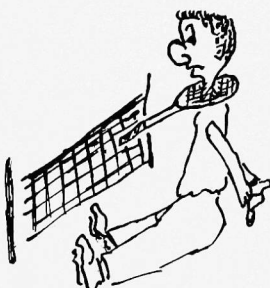
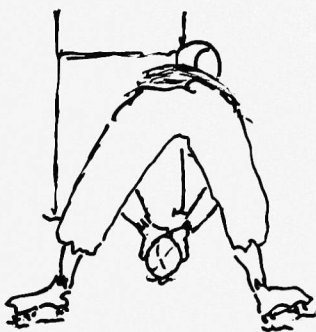
NEW BOYS - 1955-56

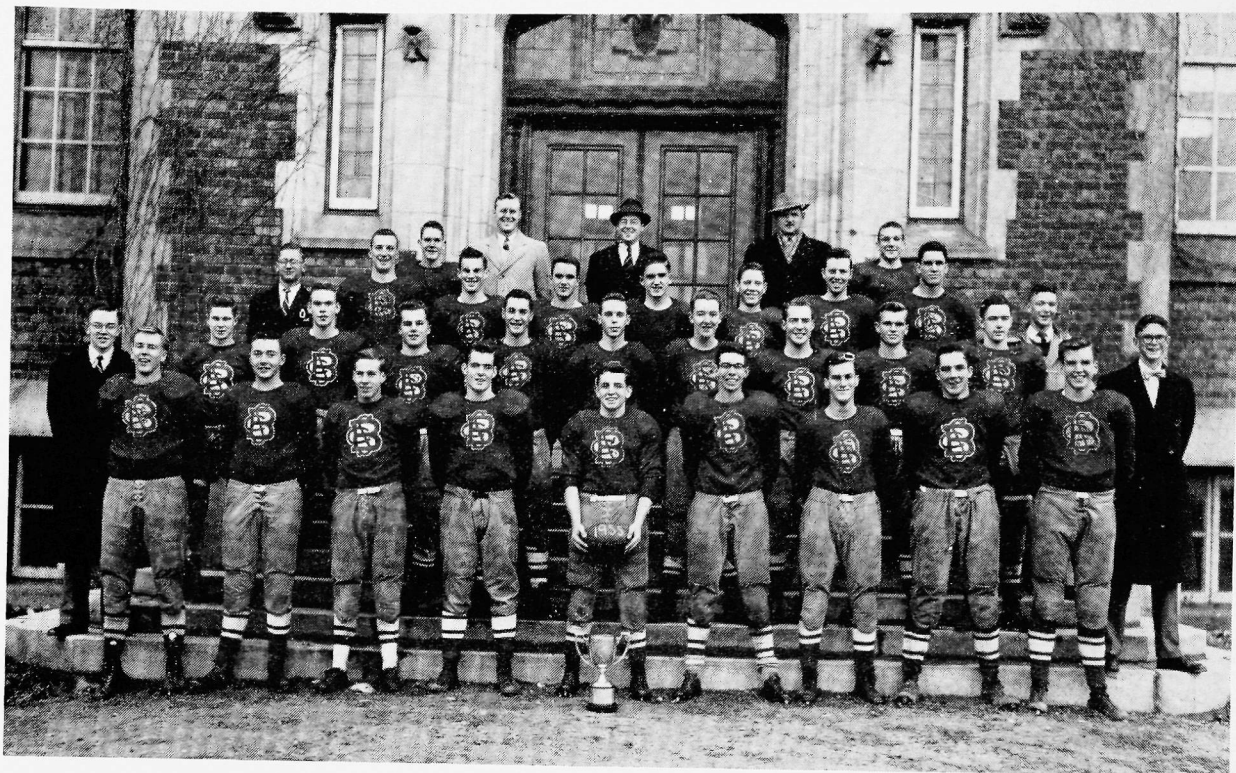
H. Anvik, Temiskaming, Que., A. Barker, Cowansville, Que., R. Bell, Town of Mount Royal, J. Bennett, St. John's, Nfld., D. Boyd, Lachute, Que., D. Bruce, London, Eng., D. Buntain, Charlottetown, P.E.I., D. Caldwell, Dixie, Que., R. Campbell, Town of Mount Royal, D. Caron, Montreal, T. Coumantaros, Montreal, R. Cruikshank, Ottawa, C. Crutchlow, Montreal West, D. Davidson, Gatineau, Que., J. Eberts, Arvida, Que., A. Fanok, Lachine, Que., A. Fielding, Fayal, Azores, G. Fox, Westmount, W. Hambly, Montreal, J. Hodgkin, Westmount, S. Khazzam, D. Khazzam, D. Khazzam, London, Eng., D. Langley, Donnacona, Que.,

K. Lawson, Montreal West, D. Lewis, Town of Mount Royal, C. Loomis, Sherbrooke, Que., J. Miller, Three Rivers, Que., C. Moseley, Town of Mount Royal, Que., J. Moynan, Magog, Que., F. Pauly, Town of Mount Royal, L. Renaud, Fort Chambly, Que., C. Ross, St. Nicholas Station, Que., R. Sargent, Hampstead, Que., R. Saykaly, Town of Mount Royal, E. Smith, Westmount, P. Thomson, St. Hilaire Station, Que., B. Walters, D. Walters, Bourlamaque, Que., H. Wilson, Arvida, Que., D. Wood, St. John's, Nfld.

Three of the above are sons of Old Boys.

SPORTS





FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL

Front Row: E. EBERTS, S. OLAND, R. ANDERSON, P. MacKAY, R. SOWARD, (CAPT.), J. ROLAND, S. MOLSON, B. SHARP, G. EBERTS.
Second Row: P. WHITE, (Mgr.), M. CALL, K. DRYSDALE, R. JUDGE, H. KNIGHT, J. DONALD, J. GERHARDT, R. JUSTER, F. WANKLYN, T. HALL, T. GILLESPIE, (Mgr.)
Third Row: R. BRADSHAW, (Mgr.), E. COUSINS, D. HALLAM, W. CLOUGH, M. BYERS, G. PARKER, D. ROBINSON, P. HYNDMAN, R. JAMIESON.
Back Row: J. McLERNON, E. B. PILGRIM, Esq., C. L. O. GLASS, Esq., S. F. ABBOTT, Esq., G. JOHNSTON.

FOOTBALL FOREWORD

Although we again lost the Bishop's College School Old Boys Cup to Ashbury College, we can safely say the School enjoyed a very successful football season. For the fifth year in a row we retained possession of the Shirley Russell Cup, representative of supremacy between B.C.S. and L.C.C. This latter triumph topped an impressive list of seasonal activities in which the team had a record of seven wins and two losses in nine games.

With the nucleus of a good team left over from the previous year, the School was able to field a strong and

well balanced squad. The season's program worked to the advantage of the team. An early start was made and the players encountered opposition of a kind in exhibition games with Montreal teams that fitted them for their important cup games later on.

Considerable credit for the team's fine showing should go to Anderson, the quarterback, who was awarded the Cleghorn trophy. He proved to be a fine team player whose individual ability and leadership undoubtedly were major factors in the success gained by his comrades.

FIRST TEAM FOOTBALL MATCHES

1955 Season Summary: WON-7 LOST-2 Points For - 162 Points Against - 49

MONTREAL HIGH SCHOOL AT B.C.S., SEPTEMBER 26.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 1 (Rouge on attempted field goal)
 2nd Quarter: No score.
 3rd Quarter: B.C.S. 5 (Molson on pass from Anderson.)
 4th Quarter: No score.
 Final Score: B.C.S., 6, Montreal High, 0.

LACHINE HIGH SCHOOL AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 2.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 13 (Touchdown by Anderson, Field goal by Jamieson, Touchdown by Hyndman).
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Molson on pass, Convert by Molson on pass).
 3rd Quarter: B.C.S. 11 (Touchdown by Anderson, Touchdown by Roland on pass, Convert by Jamieson).
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 11 (Touchdown by Roland on pass, Touchdown by Sharp, Convert by Jamieson).
 Final Score: B.C.S., 41, Lachine High, 0.

ASHBURY COLLEGE AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 9.

1st Quarter: Ashbury 5 (Touchdown).
 2nd Quarter: No score.
 3rd Quarter: Ashbury 11 (2 Touchdowns, Convert).
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Roland on pass, Convert by Anderson).
 Ashbury 5 (Touchdown).
 Final Score: Ashbury, 21, B.C.S., 6.

OLD BOYS' AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 11.

1st Quarter: No score.
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 2 (Safety Touch).
 3rd Quarter: B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Soward on reverse, Rouge by MacKay).
 4th Quarter: No score.
 Final Score: B.C.S., 8, Old Boys', 3.

B.C.S. AT ASHBURY COLLEGE, OCTOBER 16.

1st Quarter: Ashbury 12 (2 Touchdowns, 2 Converts).
 2nd Quarter: No score.
 3rd Quarter: Ashbury 5 (Touchdown).
 4th Quarter: Ashbury 5 (Touchdown).
 Final Score: Ashbury 22, B.C.S. 0.

L.C.C. AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 23.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 5 (Touchdown by Hyndman).
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 5 (Touchdown by Anderson).
 3rd Quarter: No score.
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 10 (Touchdowns by Sharp and Johnston).
 L.C.C. 6 (Touchdown, Convert).
 Final Score: B.C.S. 20, L.C.C. 6.

B.C.S. AT STANSTEAD COLLEGE, OCTOBER 27.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 2 (Safety touch - Roland).
 2nd Quarter: No score.
 3rd Quarter: B.C.S. 5 (Touchdown by Anderson).
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 1 (Rouge by Hyndman).
 Final Score: B.C.S. 8, Stanstead 0.

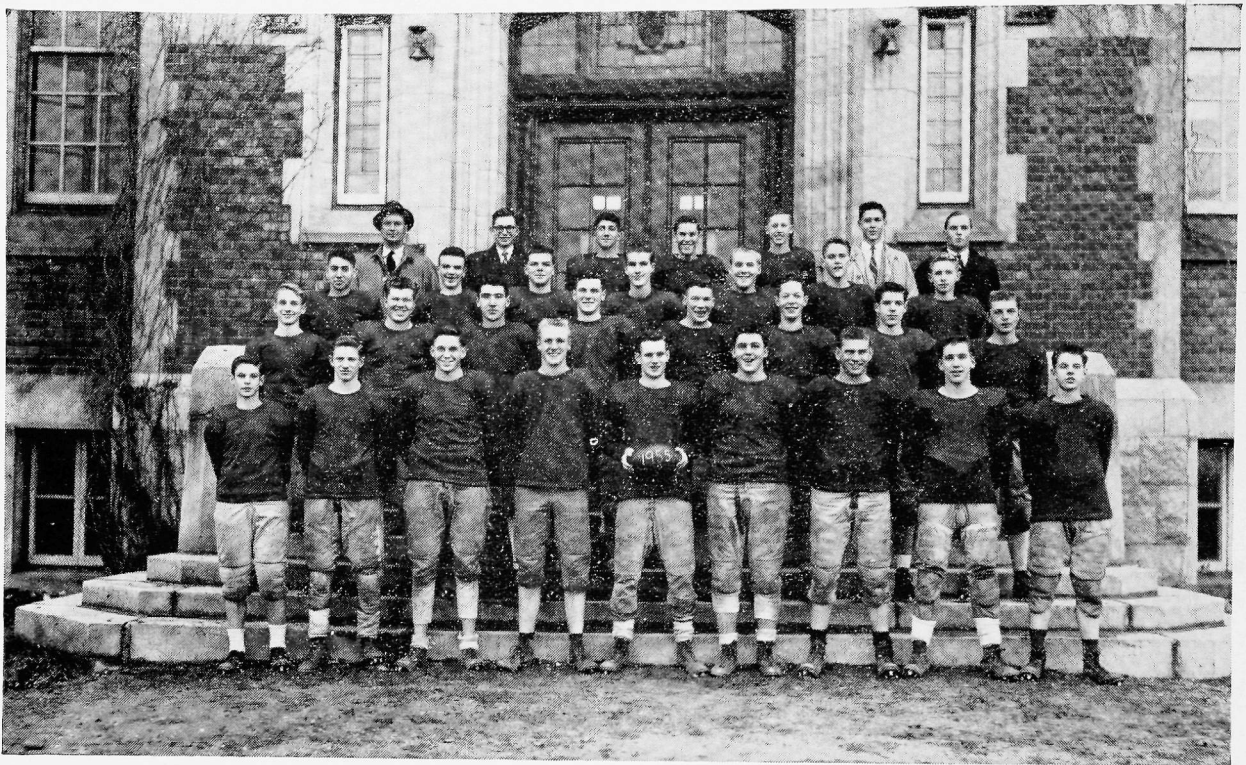
ST. PAT'S (QUEBEC) AT B.C.S., OCTOBER 30.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 1 (Rouge by Hyndman).
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 16 (Touchdown by Anderson, Touchdown by Molson on recovered fumble, Convert by Soward, Touchdown by Anderson).
 3rd Quarter: B.C.S. 16 (Touchdown by Hyndman, Touchdown by Call, Touchdown by Soward, Convert by Molson on pass).
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 10 (Touchdowns by Roland and Johnston).
 Final Score: B.C.S. 43, St. Pat's 0.

STANSTEAD COLLEGE AT B.C.S., NOVEMBER 3.

1st Quarter: B.C.S. 6 (Touchdown by Hyndman, Convert by Molson).
 2nd Quarter: B.C.S. 1 (Rouge by Hyndman).
 3rd Quarter: B.C.S. 11 (Touchdown by Roland, Touchdown by Soward on recovered fumble, Convert by Molson).
 4th Quarter: B.C.S. 12 (Touchdown by Anderson, Convert by Molson, Touchdown by Byers, Convert by Roland).
 Final Score: B.C.S. 30, Stanstead 0.

J. ROLAND, (Form VII)



SECOND CREASE FOOTBALL

Front Row: G. RANKIN, D. CONYERS, H. MILLAR, W. SEWELL, D. HAMILTON, (Capt.), P. McLAGAN, H. PRESCOTT, P. JOHNSTON, G. BLADON.

Second Row: D. McNEILL, K. LAWSON, S. KHAZZAM, D. HYMAN, P. MITCHELL, M. BELL, J. BAIRD, R. MILLER.

Third Row: F. CHONCHOL, J. MILLER, S. MACCULLOCH, L. BROCK, J. HASTINGS, J. EBERTS, A. PACAUD.

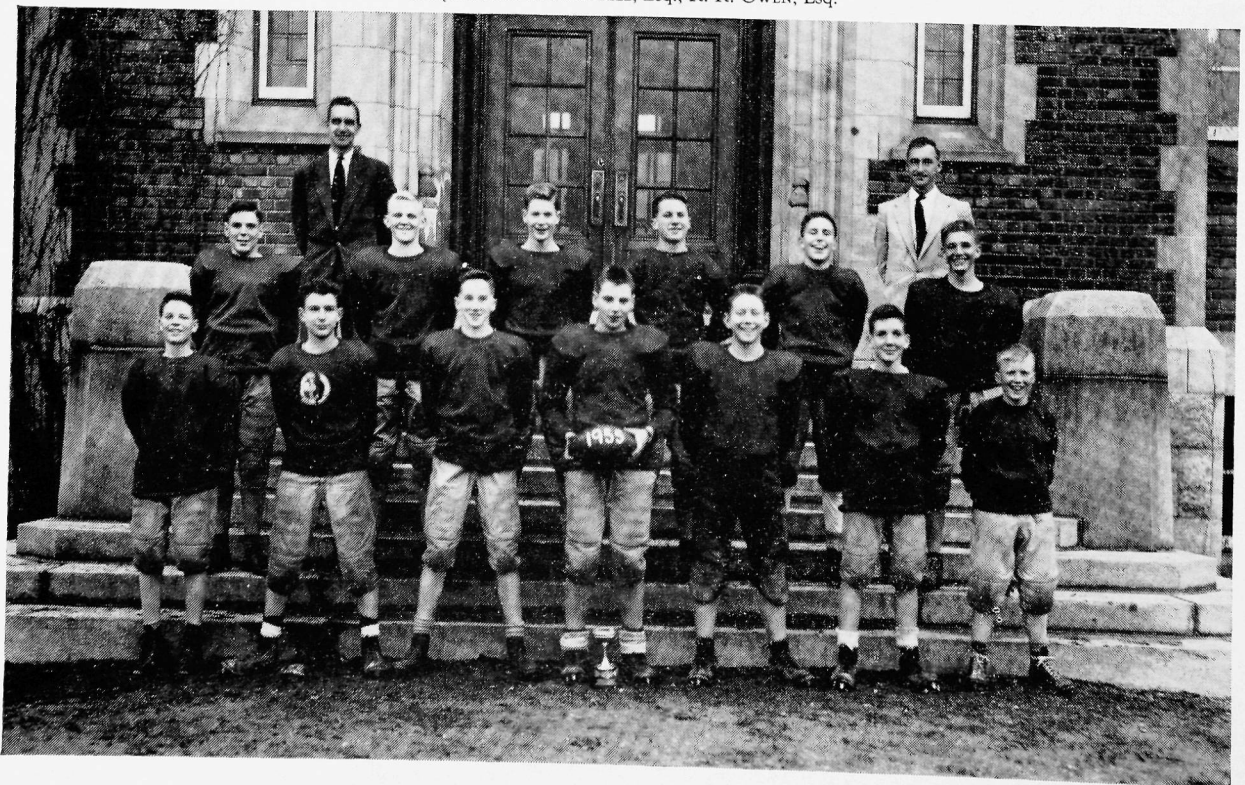
Back Row: H. DOHENY, Esq., T. GOODENOUGH, (Mgr.), D. KHAZZAM, M. LANSBERG, M. McMASTER, P. GALLOP, (Mgr.), W. BRAINERD, (Mgr.)

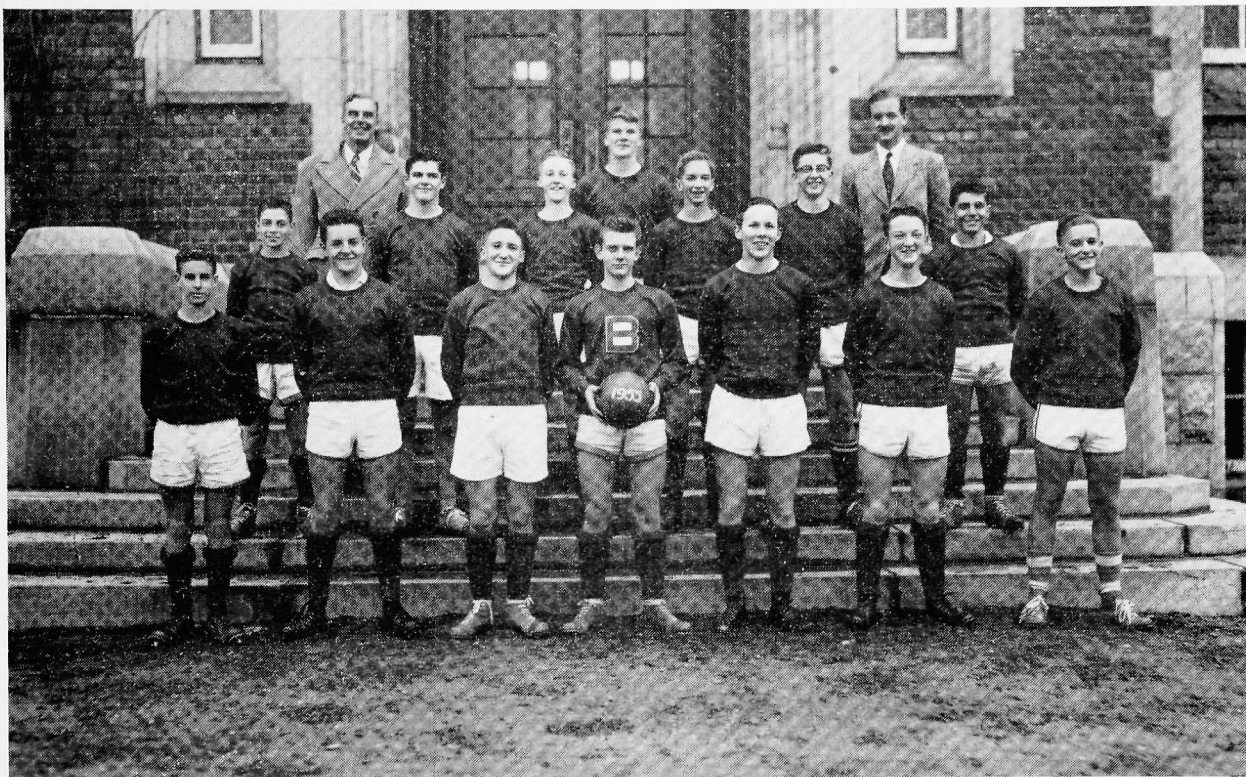
THIRD FOOTBALL CREASE CHAMPIONS

Front Row: J. KILGOUR, F. BAILLIE, H. WILSON, A. SAXBY, (Capt.), A. JESSOP, C. HOWARD, S. CUSHING.

Middle Row: D. LEWIS, R. SARGENT, J. MOYNAN, P. TOMLINSON, C. LOOMIS, G. GAY.

Back Row: A. P. CAMPBELL, Esq., R. R. OWEN, Esq.





SOCCKER CREASE

Front Row: M. HUBAND, C. MEJIA, H. FIELDING, L. KORAEN, (Capt.), D. PATRIQUIN, J. PENHALE, J. CLARKE.

Second Row: A. KYRTSIS, P. WEBB, J. TEMPLE, P. GILLESPIE, T. MATTHEWS, G. HANNA.

Third Row: H. FORSTER, Esq., D. POLLOCK, J. GREAVES, Esq.

CROSS COUNTRY

The Senior Team Trophy was won by Smith House, and the Junior Team Trophy by "A" Dormitory.

The first five in the Senior race were: Wanklyn I (winning the Boswell Cup with a new record for the course of 27.88 minutes), Khazzam I, Anderson, Hamilton, Mackay.

The first five in the Junior race were: Johnston II (winning the Heneker Cup with a time of 23 minutes and 31 seconds), Byers, MacPherson, Collyer, Bouchette.

SQUASH

This year the annual B.C.S. Invitation Squash Tournament was held over the week-end of December 4th-5th. Smith-Chapman of McGill was the winner with Lafleur of the same university as runner-up. Boys from the

School were entered in the competition, and McMaster won the consolation tournament. McMaster also won the School Championship in a tournament in Trinity Term.



FIRST TEAM HOCKEY
Ashbury Old Boys' Association Cup

Front Row: T. GILLESPIE, S. MOLSON, R. ANDERSON, (Asst. Capt.), E. EBERTS, (Capt.), P. MacKAY, (Asst. Capt.), R. JAMIESON, H. KNIGHT.
Second Row: D. HALLAM, P. McLAGAN, P. HYNDMAN, G. EBERTS, J. DONALD, D. CONYERS.
Back Row: D. ROBINSON, (Mgr.), G. M. WIGGETT, Esq., S. OLAND, S. F. ABBOTT, Esq., C. L. O. GLASS, Esq., Headmaster, J. ROLAND.

HOCKEY FOREWORD

This is a pleasure. The difficulty in writing this 1956 foreword lies in avoiding superlatives; in making this an objective review rather than a rooster-crow. Comparisons, odious as they may be, are inevitable when one stacks up a season's achievement against the ever-lengthening background of our hockey, and we found ourselves frequently referring to the 1956 team as "the best in a long time." Taking a broader view, it may well be said that this was the best season in many years, looking along the line from the polished coordination of First Team down to the sprawling, but energetic PeeWee "B" players in the Prep.

Statistically, we had it. The A.O.B.A. Trophy by a sound margin, two Q.M.H.A. Minor District Championships came our way, 72 separate games, league and exhibition, were played by School teams on our own ice. 138 players (count 'em) represented the School on various teams. The freezing plant behaved nobly, Alf's satin-finish gleamed brightly of Tuesday nights, and seven new teams made their appearance here, while old enemies returned from former years, with new faces but the same old zest.

The skating was better; it was the best we have had in memory, perhaps, but more of that anon. A third team in the Midget section, Hurons, made its debut with enthusiasm and considerable smartness. There were plenty of goals — 36 in two games from First Team sticks—and, generally, a modicum of penalties. Visitors commented favourably and with some wonder at the type of refereeing by our School officers. Every game ended with handshaking on the ice, and our French-speaking visitors called again and again for more return games. An Old Boy, Renaud Scheib, supplied us with top-line opposition in Optimist teams, both Juvenile and PeeWee, and the artificial ice was made available for much-appreciated practice time for our Lennoxville and Sherbrooke rivals in the Minor groups.

First Team's tenth win of the Ashbury Old Boys' Association Cup in the last thirteen years was satisfying, and well deserved. There was a quality in the 1956 team that delighted all who saw it perform. As has happened before, the opening games were not impressive. A draw, a heavy loss to Sherbrooke Junior "B" team before Christmas brought out little to cheer about. We opened

the New Year with but four days' practice following the holiday. Les Aces de L'Est, recommended as a good Juvenile club, were the opposition. The School pumped nine goals, spaced 3-3-3, into their nets, and we suspected that it was a different team that had returned after Christmas. The next four games brought 45 goals for, with only 4 against, and we were sure of it. So was Gerry, who had to pass up the remaining games because of illness. It was fitting that the team gave him an 18-1 victory on his last night with them.

Stanstead, the Deerfield journey, Optimists, L.C.C., Ashbury, and finally the windup, 5-2, over Stanstead. "It's getting to be a habit, this 5-2 stuff," commented Gerry, from his hospital bed. No defeats, no ties, but a string of sound victories in 1956.

Basically, it was a team. They scored 104 goals on 135 credited assists. Five players scored nine or more goals apiece. The Captain, a defenceman, was fourth highest playmaker. Henry Knight, who played most of the earlier games, was benched by German Measles just before the L.C.C. game, and Tom Gillespie handled the big stick for the remaining games like the real trouper he is. Lots of good goals, in fact, most of them, came from two, three and four players' combined efforts. As a real team, they carried on loyally for both Gerry and Cap'n Sam, who directed when the former was unable to be here. Spirit, condition, co-operation, all well-directed, gave us a team that will long be remembered and respected by B.C.S., by all its friends and opponents. Well done, team!

FIRST TEAM HOCKEY MATCHES

B.C.S. AT DEERFIELD ACADEMY, FEBRUARY 11.

1st Period: B.C.S., Molson (unassisted)

2nd Period: B.C.S., Molson (Jamieson)

B.C.S., Anderson (Donald)

B.C.S., Donald (Hallam)

B.C.S., Molson (Anderson)

B.C.S., Hyndman (MacKay)

B.C.S., Molson (Jamieson)

3rd Period: B.C.S., Molson (Anderson)

B.C.S., Anderson (Molson, MacKay)

B.C.S., Jamieson (Anderson, Molson)

B.C.S., Jamieson (Eberts I)

B.C.S., Anderson (Molson, Eberts I)

Final Score: B.C.S. 12, Deerfield 0.

B.C.S. AT L.C.C., FEBRUARY 18.

1st Period: B.C.S., Molson (unassisted)

B.C.S., Anderson (Eberts II, Jamieson)

B.C.S., Conyers (Donald, Anderson)

2nd Period: L.C.C., Cummings (Dinsmore, Brown)

B.C.S., Jamieson (Molson)

B.C.S., Molson (unassisted)

L.C.C., Cummings (unassisted)

3rd Period: L.C.C., Dinsmore (Brown)

Final Score: B.C.S. 5, L.C.C. 3.

ASHBURY COLLEGE AT B.C.S., FEBRUARY 25.

1st Period: B.C.S., Hyndman (MacKay)

2nd Period: Ashbury, Seed (Drew)

Ashbury, Richardson (unassisted)

B.C.S., Jamieson (Molson, Anderson)

3rd Period: B.C.S., Molson (Jamieson, Anderson)

B.C.S., Molson (Jamieson, Hyndman)

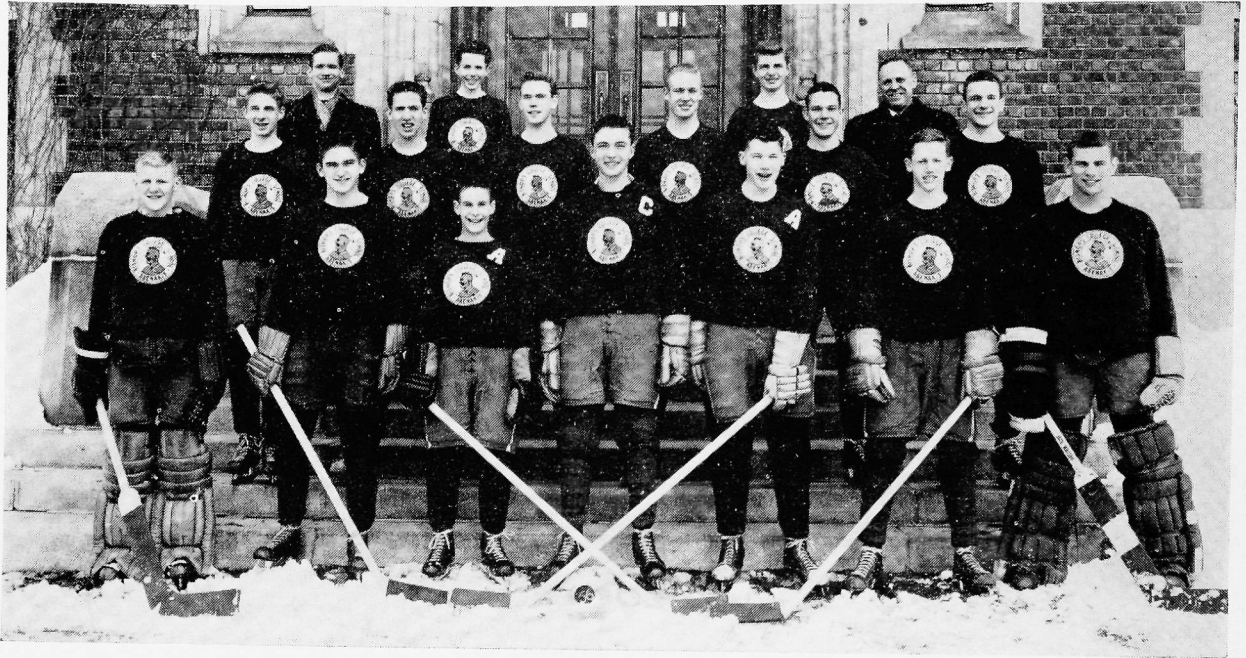
B.C.S., Hallam (MacKay)

Final Score: B.C.S. 5, Ashbury 2.

MINOR HOCKEY

A healthy growth in numbers and in quality was the feature of Minor Hockey in 1956. Another tribe, the Hurons in the Midget section, swelled Q.M.H.A. registration to 105 at B.C.S., the highest figure ever. Mohawks arrived as a team that toppled both Abenakis and Lennoxville High in the regular schedule, whitewashing L.H.S. on the town rink. Prep Iroquois, cuts above their competition in the PeeWee section, fairly waltzed through the best that the Border League could put against them in the E.T. finals. Bantams topped their regular schedule, only to drop the playoffs to a newcomer to E.T. Championships, Sherbrooke High School. The Minor teams showed the benefits of long and continuous

skating on reliable ice, but much of the improvement was in the players themselves, and in their response to systematic coaching. They were not perfect, by any means, but some of their picture-passing goals were as pretty as they come. There was good spirit in taking bumps and disappointments, and much good self-control. Schools outside the immediate district were brought in as often as possible, with Sutton High School playing here twice, and games with Sawyerville, Cookshire and Bury High Schools. On every occasion, the games were spirited, clean and in the best traditions of sportsmanship. It was a long, but memorable, and very happy season.



ABENAKIS

Eastern Townships Q.M.H.A. Midget Champions

Front Row: R. SARGENT, M. BYERS, M. HUBAND, (Asst. Capt.), S. OLAND, (Capt.), P. MITCHELL, (Asst. Capt.), M. McMASTER, H. PRESCOTT.
Middle Row: D. McNEILL, P. JOHNSTON, K. DRYSDALE, W. SEWELL, J. McLERNON, G. JOHNSTON.
Back Row: R. BRADSHAW, D. BUNTAIN, R. MILLER, J. G. PATRIQUIN, Esq.

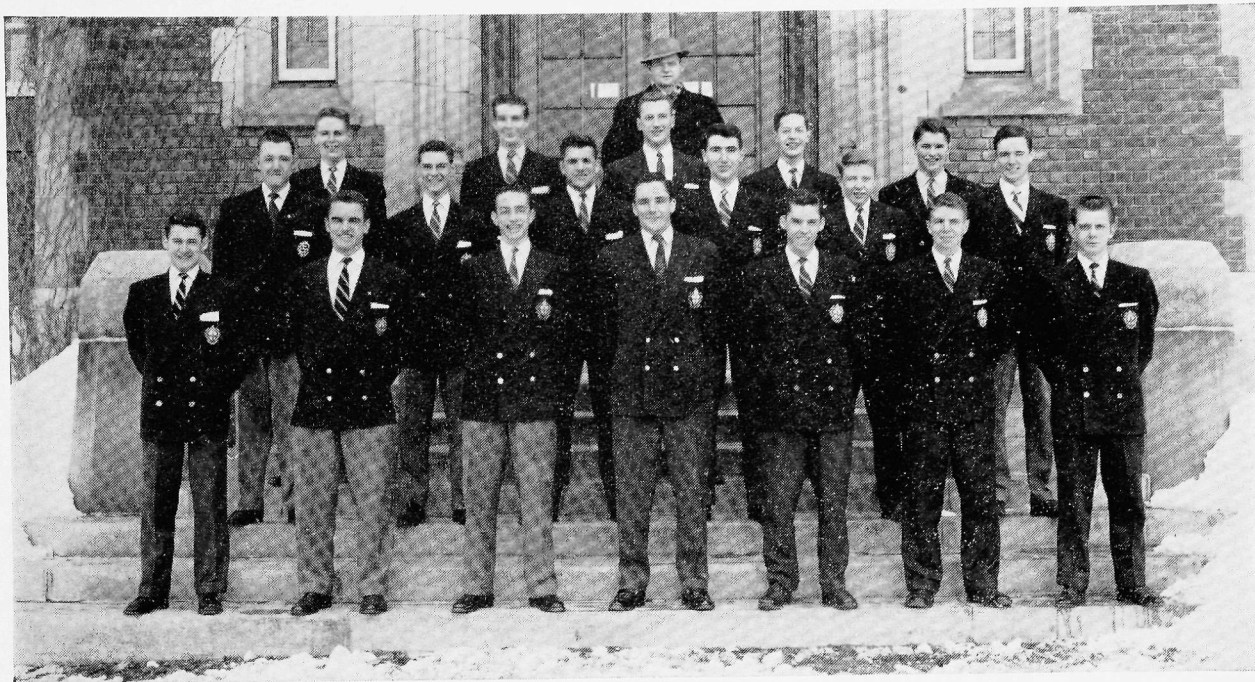
ABENAKIS

It was Saturday night, March 10th, at the Border Arena, and the game was young, and scoreless. Bob Miller, leading an Abenakis rush, was skated into a corner by the Stanstead left defenceman. He looked back, and Grant Johnston was where he should have been, at the "point," just inside the Stanstead blue line. Bob whipped a pass directly to him; the Abenakis right winger swept it to his left to Derek Buntain, who eluded his cover sufficiently to swing the puck slightly forward to his own left, where Mike McMaster, racing in at top speed, scooped the pass into the right corner of the Stanstead net for the first goal of the Eastern Townships finals. A good Stanstead team, reputedly their best yet, could not stop those Indians, and the final margin of victory, 3-1, indicated the edge Abenakis had. This particular goal was typical of the Abenakis at their best. They got quite a number of this type, too, and their divisional title did not come the easy way. Mohawks dumped them for a loss in their first meeting, they tied two games with Lennoxville High. Minus Captain Oland and McMaster (who were with first team in the L.C.C.

game), they lost the rubber game to decide the playoff bye, though by a single goal, only. With the chips down, however, they ran through four playoff games, scoring 18 goals to their opponents' four, and finished the District Final in high gear.

Possibly it was the best balanced Midget entry we have iced; two scoring lines had 27 and 24 goals each, third line got 13. Defenseman assisted in 20 of the team's 64 goals, and blocked, cleared and covered well indeed. In the clutch, the goaling was good, though rather careless when the pressure appeared to be off.

There is no doubt that a big factor in our success was a strong, competitive and sportsmanlike Mohawk team, which made the Midget Section tough and exciting. Three Mohawks won Second Team ranking, and Hugh Millar, whose goalkeeping and superbly good spirit contributed greatly to the School's success, was awarded officially a Q.M.H.A. crest in recognition of his outstanding services to School hockey in general, to the Mohawks, and to the 1956 titlists.



ORPHANS

Front Row: R. FERGUSON, W. CLOUGH, B. BADGER, B. SHARP, (Capt.), M. LANDSBERG, G. FOX, L. KORAEN.

Second Row: J. GERHARDT, D. BOYD, J. DALGLISH, S. KHAZZAM, P. MATTHEWS, T. HALL.

Third Row: J. EBERTS, L. BROCK, E. COUSINS, M. BELL, J. HODGKIN.

Fourth Row: S. ABBOTT, ESQ.

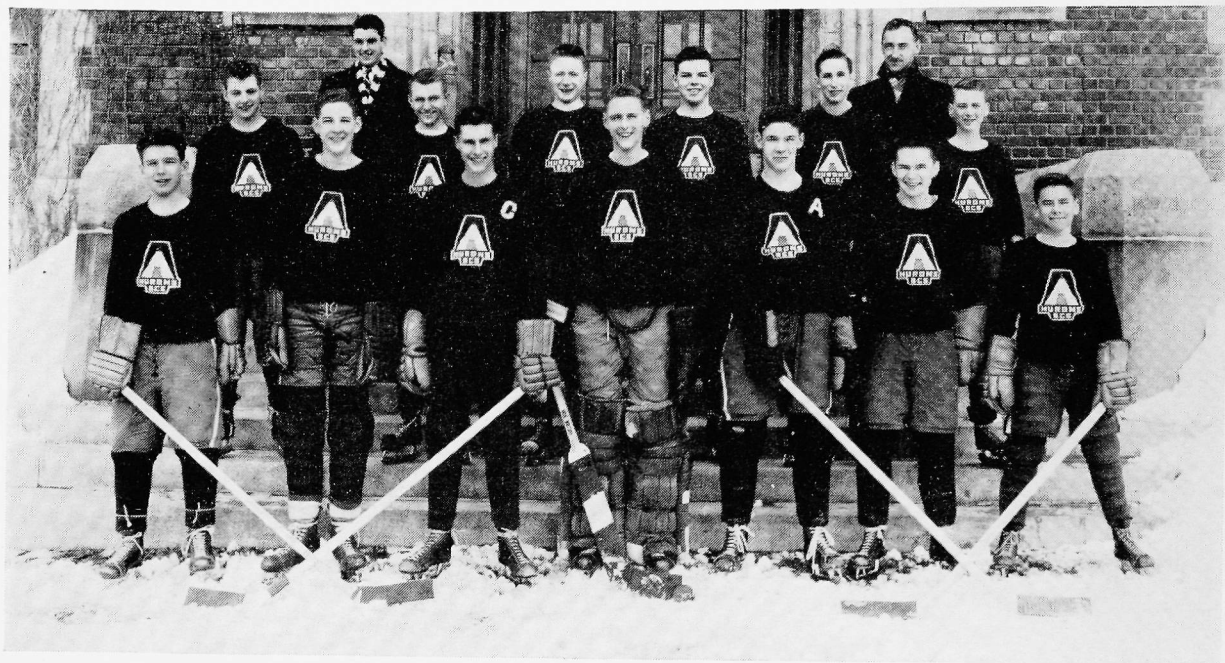
MOHAWKS

Front Row: H. MILLAR, B. BADGER, A. PACAUD, E. HAWKEN, (Capt.), D. COBURN, D. CALDWELL, P. BAKER.

Second Row: P. GALLOP, N. WEBSTER, J. MEAKINS, G. BLADON, C. MOSELEY, J. ALEXANDER.

Third Row: A. P. CAMPBELL, ESQ., D. DAVIDSON, D. WOOD, (Manager).





HURONS

Front Row: F. BAILLIE, W. HAMBLY, T. HESLOP, (Capt.), J. EBERTS, R. CAMPBELL, (Asst. Capt.), W. MACDONALD, R. SHARP.

Second Row: A. SAXBY, A. FANOK, H. HOLMAN, S. MACCULLOCH, A. BARKER, J. COLLYER.

Third Row: J. JOHNSON, R. R. OWEN, Esq., Absent: P. GILLESPIE.

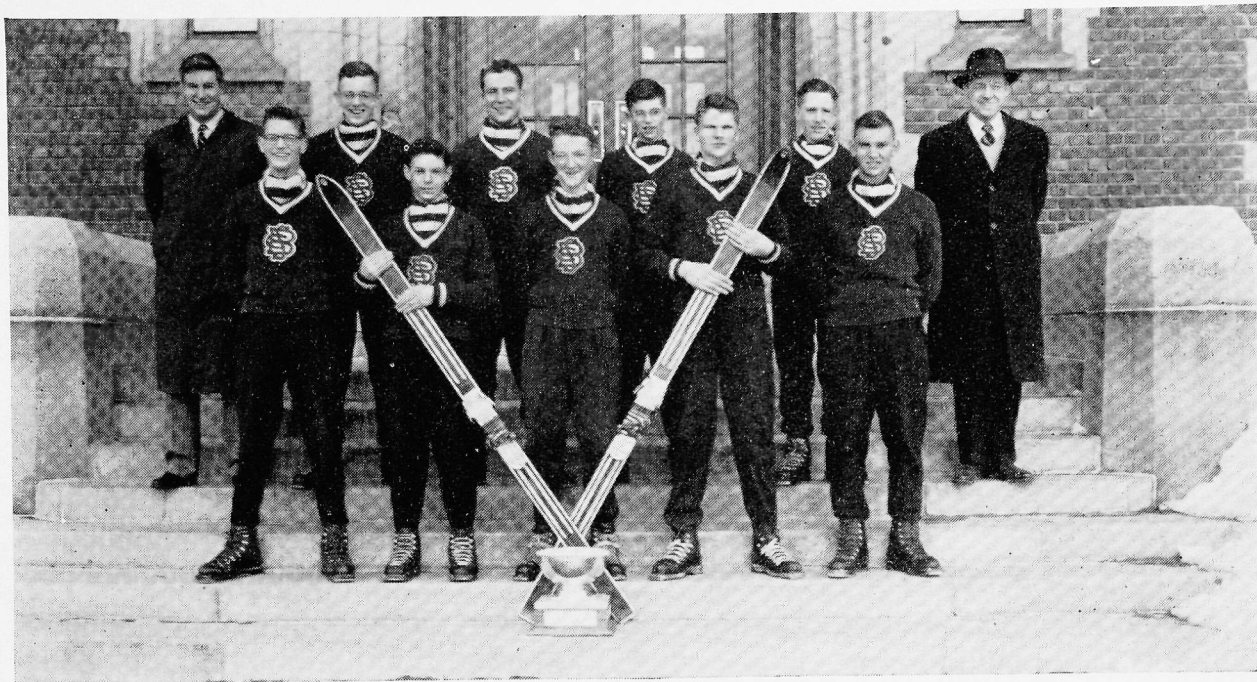
BANTAMS

Front Row: W. WATSON, M. FREEBOROUGH, A. JESSOP, M. AYRE, (Capt.), J. CARROLL, C. HOWARD, R. BELL.

Second Row: D. BAILLIE, J. KILGOUR, D. LANGLEY, S. CUSHING, D. LEWIS, C. CRUTCHLOW, C. MACPHERSON.

Third Row: G. HASTINGS, E. PILGRIM, Esq., D. ROWAT.





FIRST SKI TEAM

Back Row: J. PRATT, ESQ., P. WHITE, R. JUSTER, D. BRUCE, R. CRUIKSHANK, The Headmaster.
Front Row: J. MOYNAN, T. RANKIN, J. PENHALE and D. POLLOCK, (Captains), H. ANVIK.

SKI NOTES

The many new skiers at the school this year brought the size of the Ski Creases to a record number of boys, and once winter finally got under way, we were treated to conditions ranging from fair to excellent throughout the season, with the emphasis on the latter; there were also a few days of very good spring skiing before examinations. Mr. Doheny managed the creases this year, with Mr. Forster in charge of Second Crease, First Crease being coached by Mr. John Pratt, an Old Boy now at Bishop's University.

On most Wednesdays and Saturdays of the second term, there was a sortie to Hillcrest, Mr. Forster and Mr. Greaves providing most of the transportation, with a minimum of complaints about the inevitable late boys, and the usual overloading of their cars. On several Sundays a busload of enlightened hockey players made the pilgrimage, the main attraction being, of course, Mr. Schiller's new platterpull lift, which supplemented the rope tows. Its occasional failures, besides being traditional, are indicative of the amount of use it received.

The competitive year began on January 21st, when eight boys were entered in a Junior Meet held at Hillcrest. This was not a team competition, but individually

the B.C.S. representatives distinguished themselves, coming first, third, fourth and fifth.

On February 11th, the Eastern Townships Men's Championship took place at Hillcrest. Two teams represented the School, the purpose being to familiarize the boys with meet conditions. As only three boys qualified for a second run in the downhill, experience was the only thing gained. Nevertheless the meet was well worth while for that alone.

This year Ashbury played host to the Triangle Meet, held on February 18th and 19th at Camp Fortune in the Gatineau Hills. The three events were run off very smoothly; Anvik placed second in the cross-country, Juster second in the downhill, and the team was third in the combined. Our thanks go to Mr. D. B. Cruikshank, who was so helpful to the team in Ottawa.

The annual downhill and slalom races at Mount Orford were held this year on Sunday, March 4th, and it was decided to enter a combined team under the name of "Bishop's Ski Club", consisting of Messrs. John Pratt and Jim Quarles, from Bishop's University, in the Senior section, with Penhale and Rankin in the Junior section. This team won the meet on total points, Quarles placing first in the slalom and second in the downhill; Rankin

first in the Junior combined and in the Junior slalom. After a banquet in the Magog Hotel, Quarles was presented with the Reddy Kilowatt Trophy, donated by the Southern Canada Power Company, which the School will hold for one year.

On March 10th, a six-man B.C.S. team participated in the Redbird Meet in St. Sauveur, placing sixth in a field of thirteen, Silver Jackrabbit pins were awarded to Penhale and Pollock; Rankin, although placing first on the team, was not eligible as he won last year.

First team colours were awarded this year to Penhale, Pollock, Rankin, Pauly and Anvik; Bruce, Cruikshank, Juster, Moynan and White completed the team. The Whittall Cup was won by Rankin, and the Porteous Cups were not awarded.

In spite of the fact that First Crease emphasized cross-country this year more than ever before, training four times a week, it still proved to be our weak point. This can be attributed in part to the fact that whereas in most cases our opponents either were already well acquainted with the course, or had arrived at the site of the meet a day or so early in order to inspect it, the B.C.S. team was unable to see the trail before the actual race.

Nevertheless the prospects for next year are very good: if the skiers can stay on the slopes instead of in the infirmary, the School should have the strongest team in several years.

P. WHITE, (Form VII)



FIRST TEAM CRICKET

Winners of the Hitchman Shield

Standing: E. B. B. PILGRIM, ESQ., B. A. THOMAS, ESQ., G. BLADON, S. OLAND, T. GILLESPIE, M. McMASTER, T. RANKIN, C. L. O. GLASS, ESQ., Headmaster.

Seated: P. HYNDMAN, D. KHAZZAM, R. JAMIESON, (Vice-Capt.), P. MACKAY, (Capt.), S. MOLSON, (Vice-Capt.), S. KHAZZAM, J. DONALD.

In Front: W. BRAINERD, Scorer.

FIRST XI CRICKET

Matches Played - 7 Won - 6, lost - 1

Versus Ashbury College at B.C.S., Saturday, May 19th.

Ashbury		B.C.S.	
Eastwood, b. Khazzam I	6	Oland, c. Jones, b. Rhodes	2
Hazell, c. & b. Khazzam I	5	Molson, b. Eastwood	5
Rhodes, L.B.W., Khazzam II	1	Khazzam II, c. & b. Rhodes	44
Sutherland, b. Khazzam II	0	Donald, c. & b. Rhodes	0
Killaly, b. Khazzam I	1	Jamieson, c. Barkun, b. Hazell	34
Barkun, b. Khazzam I	0	Khazzam I, c. Killaly, b. Barkun	20
MacKinnon, b. Khazzam II	0	MacKay, Run Out	25
Nurse, b. Khazzam I	7	Hyndman, b. Sutherland	32
Jones, b. Khazzam I	7	Rankin, Run Out	48
MacANulty, b. MacKay	0	Gillespie, b. Rhodes	12
Woolcombe, c. Jamieson, b. MacKay	0	Bladon, not out	5
Fraser, did not bat	-	McMaster, b. Eastwood	0
Total	27	Extras	10
Khazzam I: 6 for 10; MacKay: 2 for 10; Khazzam II: 3 for 7		Total	237
Won by B.C.S. by eight wickets			

Versus Ashbury College at Ashbury, Sat., May 26th.

Ashbury		Ashbury (2 innings)	
Eastwood, b. Khazzam I	26	Eastwood, b. McKay	10
Hazell, b. Khazzam I	0	Hazell, b. Khazzam I	1
Rhodes, c. Donald, b. Khazzam I	0	Rhodes, b. Khazzam I	0
Killaly, b. Khazzam I	11	Killaly, b. Khazzam I	5
Barkun, c. Bladon, b. Khazzam I	13	Barkun, b. Khazzam I	0
MacKinnon, b. Khazzam I	0	MacKinnon, b. Khazzam I	0
Nurse, b. Khazzam I	0	Nurse, b. Khazzam I	0
Jones, c. Khazzam I, b. Khazzam II	0	Jones, Not Out	2
MacANulty, b. Khazzam II	0	McANulty, b. MacKay	0
Woolcombe, b. Khazzam I	0	Woolcombe, b. MacKay	0
Fraser, Not Out	0	Fraser, b. MacKay	0
Pacheco, Run Out	0	Pacheco, c. Donald, b. MacKay	0
Total	50	Extras	1
Khazzam I: 8 for 24; MacKay: 0 for 22; Khazzam II: 2 for 4		Total	19

B.C.S.

Oland, b. Eastwood	0
Molson, b. Eastwood	1
Khazzam II, c. Rhodes, b. Eastwood	37
Donald, c. Killaly, b. Eastwood	16
Jamieson, c. Barkun, b. Eastwood	0
Khazzam I, L.B.W., b. Eastwood	23
MacKay, b. Rhodes	1
Hyndman, c. McANulty, b. Eastwood	15
Rankin, b. Rhodes	6
Gillespie, b. Rhodes	0
Bladon, Not Out	6
McMaster, b. Rhodes	0
Extras	9
Total	114

Khazzam I: 6 for 10; Khazzam II: 0 for 8; MacKay: 5 for 0

Match won by B.C.S. by an innings.

Best Batting Average Khazzam II.

Best Bowling Average Khazzam I.

First Team Colours

MacKay
Jamieson
Molson
Khazzam I
Khazzam II
Donald
Hyndman
Rankin



UNDER XVI CRICKET

Back Row: G. KHAZZAM, A. FANOK, D. BAILLIE, J. MEAKINS, D. BUNTAIN, M. BROWN, M. BYERS, M. AYRE, H. DOHENY, Esq.
Front Row: J. KILGOUR, C. MOSELEY, W. SEWELL, P. MITCHELL, (Capt.), H. PRESCOTT, J. McLERNON, G. JOHNSTON.
In Front: M. HUBAND, Scorer.

CRICKET (UNDER XVI)

In the annual home and away series with Ashbury, the School under XVI team defeated the Ashburians by one innings and some runs both times. The team was

captained by Mitchell. Sewell had the highest batting average and Prescott the highest bowling average. Once again the team was ably coached by Mr. Doheny.



NEW BOYS' CRICKET TEAM

Standing: C. CRUTCHLOW, S. SETLAKWE, R. BELL, J. BENNETT, C. HOWARD, C. MACPHERSON, R. J. E. GREAVES, Esq.
Seated: A. FANOK, G. GAY, J. KHAZZAM, M. AYRE, (Captain), J. KILGOUR, D. BAILLIE, W. WATSON.
In Front: G. HASTINGS (Scorer).



TRACK TEAM

Winners, Skinner Trophy, E. T. Interscholastic Track Meet

Back Row: D. McNeill, W. Clough, T. Heslop, H. Fielding, J. Eberts, B. Badger, J. Baird, C. Mejia, D. Coburn, A. Saxby.

Third Row: R. Ferguson, J. McLernon, C. McCulloch, B. Sharp, M. Byers, E. Cousins, P. Baker, E. Eberts, P. McLagan, B. Badger, K. Drysdale, A. Pacaud, L. Koraen, M. Call, C. Macpherson.

Second Row: M. Landsberg, F. Chonchol, F. Wanklyn, T. Hall, (Capt.), C. L. O. Glass, Esq., Headmaster, S. F. Abbott, Esq., (Coach), G. Johnston, J. Roland, D. Hamilton, D. Conyers.

Front Row: M. Harris, P. Hutchins, P. Crawford, R. Brown, J. Stevenson, J. Clarke, J. Carroll, K. Jamieson, J. Bellm, J. Patton.



G. JOHNSTON AT THE E. T. INTER-SCHOLASTIC MEET



TRACK

This year's Track Team won the Eastern Townships Track Meet in Sherbrooke with a total of 91½ points over runner-up Stanstead's 73 points. This is the second year in succession that the School has won this meet.

G. Johnston won the J. H. Hunter Trophy as high aggregate winner in the Midget class, repeating his win in the same class last year. Byers was also a high scorer in this class.

F. Wanklyn won both the 440 and 880 yard events in the Juvenile class, while Hamilton came second in the 100 and 220 yard events and third in the 440.

Captain Abbott's enthusiasm and coaching are largely responsible for the higher standard of B.C.S. performance in this field, and this year four boys represented the School in the Dominion Interscholastic Meet in Montreal. There the Mile Relay Team placed third, and Roland came second in the 120 yard High Hurdles, while in Class 4 Wanklyn came third in the 440, Hamilton fifth in the 220, and Khazzam fifth in the 880.

TENNIS CREASE

This year saw an innovation in the form of a Tennis Crease.

The two courts have been in full use every day, and much work has been done in the construction of a practice board below the courts and in the levelling of the ground close by.

Twenty-eight boys have been able to play tennis on almost every week-day, and as much coaching as possible has been given.

This year, too, there has been a large entry for the annual tournament.

SPORTS DAY, 1955

Top:—Nancy Roland winning the Sisters' Race.

Middle:—Chapman House winning Relay Team.

Bottom:—J. Baillie, Esq., presenting Prep Sportsmanship Trophy to J. Carroll.

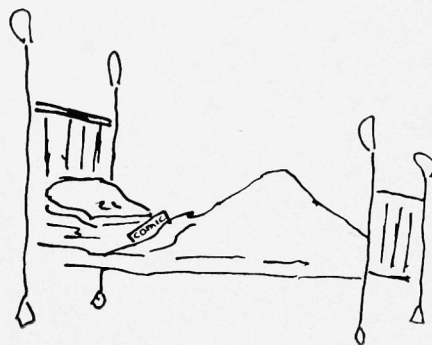
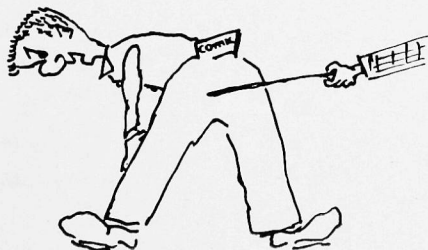
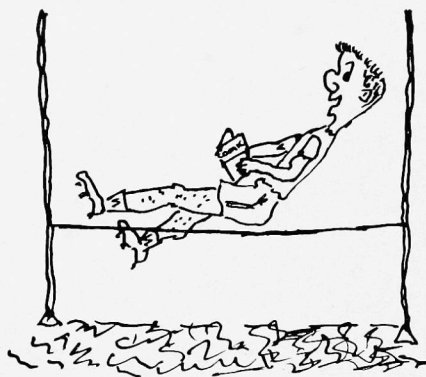
ATHLETIC PRIZE LIST

SENIOR:	100 Yards (The Balfour Cup)	1.	D. Hamilton	2.	M. Call
	220 Yards (The Molson Medal)	1.	D. Hamilton	2.	M. Call
	440 Yards (Open) (The Senator White Challenge Cup)	1.	F. Wanklyn	2.	D. Hamilton
	Hurdles	1.	J. Roland	2.	P. Mackay
			(New Record)		
	High Jump	1.	D. Conyers	2.	F. Chonchol
	Broad Jump (The Allan Challenge Cup)	1.	H. Knight	2.	F. Chonchol
	Shot Put (Open)	1.	M. Byers	2.	H. Prescott
			(New Record)		
	Discus (Open)	1.	E. Eberts	2.	H. Knight
	Pole Vault (Open)	1.	D. Conyers	2.	D. Hamilton
	Cricket Ball Throw (Open)	1.	M. Ayre	2.	F. Wanklyn
	Half Mile (Open) (The Allan Challenge Cup)	1.	L. Koraen	2.	M. Alexander
	Mile Run (Open) (The Kaulbach Medal)	1.	K. Drysdale	2.	L. Koraen
INTERMEDIATE:	100 Yards (The Janner Challenge Trophy)	1.	F. Wanklyn	2.	S. Molson
	220 Yards	1.	F. Wanklyn	2.	H. Millar
			(New Record)		
	Hurdles	1.	D. McNeill	2.	F. Wanklyn
	High Jump	1.	P. Gallop	2.	P. Mitchell
JUNIOR:	Broad Jump	1.	F. Wanklyn	2.	S. Molson
	100 Yards	1.	G. Johnston	2.	M. Byers
			(New Record)		
	220 Yards	1.	G. Johnston	2.	M. Byers
			(New Record)		
	Hurdles	1.	G. Johnston	2.	M. Ayre
	High Jump	1.	G. Johnston	2.	M. Byers
	Broad Jump	1.	G. Johnston	2.	M. Byers
			(New Record)		
	SISTERS' RACE	1.	Susan Sharp	2.	J. Caron
OLD BOYS' RACE		1.	T. Peters	2.	L. Scheib
	THREE LEGGED RACE	1.	D. McNeill and M. Landsberg		
SENIOR DORMITORY RELAY (The Tuckshop Cup)		2.	B. Sharp and P. Mackay		
		1.	Smith House	2.	Chapman House
JUNIOR DORMITORY RELAY (The Tuckshop Cup)			(New Record)		
		1.	"D" Dormitory	2.	"K" Dormitory
TENNIS:	Senior Singles		R. Jamieson		
	Single Doubles		M. Huband and S. Molson		
	Junior Singles		D. Khazzam		
	Junior Doubles		H. Prescott and A. Pacaud		
SHOOTING:	(The McA'Nulty Cup)		P. White		
SQUASH:	Senior Championship		M. McMaster		
RUGBY:	(The Cleghorn Cup)		R. Anderson		
SKIING:	The Senior Whittal Cup		G. Rankin		
	Senior and Junior Porteous Cups		Not Awarded		
CRICKET:	Batting Average		D. Khazzam		
	Bowling Average		S. Khazzam		
GOLF:	School Tournament		E. Eberts		

THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL	100 Yards Challenge Cup	1. W. Ryan	2. J. Bellm
	220 Yards (The Price Challenge Cup)	1. W. Ryan	2. J. Bellm
	50 Yards (Under 12)	1. D. McLernon	2. D. Abbott
	50 Yards (Under 11)	1. R. Brown	2. R. MacDonald
	50 Yards (Under 10)	1. J. Harris	2. K. Moyle
	Hurdles	1. J. Clarke	2. D. McEntyre
	High Jump	1. W. Ryan	2. D. McEntyre
		(New Record)	
	Broad Jump	1. K. Jamieson	2. D. McEntyre
	Cricket Ball Throw	1. K. Jamieson	2. W. Hand
BOXING:		(New Record)	
	Three Legged Race	1. K. Jamieson and D. Patriquin	
		2. J. Bellm and D. McLernon	
	Skiing (Junior Whittall Cup)	J. Clarke	
	Cricket Batting Average	D. Abbott	
	Cricket Bowling Average	W. Mitchell	
	Sportsmanship Trophy	D. McEntyre	
	Prep Championship (The Stoker Cup)	J. Bellm	
	Light Heavyweight	W. Crawford	
	Middleweight	J. Clarke	
The Rankin Trophy for Track and Field in the Upper School. ALL ROUND CHAMPIONSHIPS:	Bantamweight	M. Harris	
	Midgetweight	D. Patriquin	
	Special Award, Most Improved Boxer	McB. Yuile	
	Preparatory School (The Richardson Cup)	F. Wanklyn	
	Junior (The R.M.C. Cup)	D. McEntyre	
	Intermediate Challenge Cup	G. Johnston	
	Senior Championship of the School (The Smith Cup and Fortune Medal)	S. Molson	
		P. Mackay	



THE OPEN BOOK



THE EDITORS' CALENDAR, 1955-56

- Sept. 12: School opens. Chapman House sprint up from station in practice for Cross-Country.
- Sept. 13: Chapman House gives up smoking and tuck as practices attain full flight.
- Sept. 15: Headmaster bans loafers, head and foot.
- Sept. 26: Clocks put back one hour; Chaplain meets boys going into breakfast.
- Sept. 27: New Boy line; seniors find ready market for shoe polish they no longer require.
- Oct. 9: Thanksgiving Service; ruff on trebles.
- Oct. 10: Old Boys' Game. Tea dance; stags won't, wall-flowers wil't.
- Oct. 11: Old Boys Lane. Choir hits high note as they scale Mount Orford.
- Oct. 31: Hallowe'en Dinner. Master loses thumb while carving turkey and reports to Infirmary.
- Nov. 1: Boy from same table reports to Infirmary.
- Nov. 5: St. Johnsbury Trip washed out; two inches of water on field.
- Nov. 7: Hockey starts.
- Nov. 8: Hockey stops; two inches of water on ice.
- Nov. 10: Winter hours start; prep now done at 4.15 p.m. instead of 1.35 p.m.
- Nov. 12: Cadets in Blues; Cadet Instructor in blues. Cross Country; Chapman House lays egg; Smith House sails home; two inches of water in Williams House basement.
- Nov. 14: Chapman House Relay Practice.
- Dec. 13: Exams begin; two inches of water on brains.
- Dec. 21: Exams end. Marks go up; percentages go down. School starts entraining; Chapman House still in training.
- Jan. 10: Obsolete tank reported missing from Westmount Park.
- Jan. 11: School opens. Mr. Greaves appears in new car.
- Jan. 12: Ski Holiday rumoured.
- Jan. 14: Headmaster bans ski boots at Prayers.
- Feb. 3: U.B.C. Icerama; Carnabelles outstanding; Compton opposite, in tiers.
- Feb. 6: Ski Holiday; Rumour-mongers say 'I told you so.'
- Feb. 8 & 9: School Play; The Three Angels rectify finances of Felix Ducotel, but not those of Players' Club.
- Feb. 18: Hockey: L.C.C., 4, B.C.S., 5.
Skiing: Ashbury, 1, L.C.C., 2, B.C.S., 3.
- Feb. 25: Gales up to 86 m.p.h.
- Feb. 26: Chapman House found in cemetery and replaced on site.
- Mar. 3: Variety Show; two inches of water in clarinet.
- Mar. 6: Another Ski Holiday; rumourists rumoured to have been caught off base.
- Mar. 7: Snowstorm; M VI puts Mr. Pattison back on straight and narrow.
- Mar. 17: Smithsonian Institute enriched by gift of ancient vehicle.
- Mar. 18: Chaplain appears in new car.
- Mar. 20: Chalet rocked 'n rolled; (master's suede).
- Mar. 24: Hot car ring uncovered at border; ringleader escapes.
- Mar. 25: Mr. Owen appears in new car.
- Mar. 28: Term ends.
- Apr. 11: Train arrives 6.51 p.m.; Choir Practice 7.01 p.m.
- Apr. 13: Choir: policy of post-prandial practices provides pay-off.
- Apr. 14: V A 1 slated to take part in Youth Festival Drama competition; V A 1 slated after taking part in Youth Festival Drama Competition.
- May 1: Deadline for Magazine material.
- May 9: Mr. Pilgrim carries first flagstone onto Williams House front lawn.
- May 10: Mr. Greaves carries Mr. Pilgrim off Williams House front lawn.
- May 14: Messrs. Greaves and Pilgrim released from Infirmary; flagstones advertised for sale.
- May 15: Last deadline for Magazine material.
- May 16: Cadet Inspection; recruits burn buttonsticks behind them.
- May 21: Victoria Day; she would not have been amused.
- May 30: Large green signboard near tennis courts rumoured to be awaiting legend 'Join Smith House and see the St. Francis.'
- June 1: Any material submitted to Magazine now is too late for publication.
- June 9: Closing; guess who won the Relay.
- June 15: Calendar finished and submitted to Magazine.

MAN

Kenneth Hugessen Prize Essay

"Born 19—; Died 19—;
Requiescat in Pace"

It is sobering to think that most of us will end that way; perhaps, if we are lucky, we might make "Died 20—", but whenever we die, most of us will be merely another name on a tombstone. This monument will constitute the only record of our life for a few more centuries, depending on the quality of the stone; after it is gone, we pass forever into oblivion.

But man is an animal born with ambitions; the degree of ambition varies with the individual, but it is always there, at least in the young. It also depends upon the estate into which one is born; nevertheless it can be said that it usually develops in three stages.

The first stage takes the form of a desire for pleasure, for personal enjoyment, and for freedom from the necessity of work; hence, a desire for money. This form is most common among the young and uneducated; it is almost universally expressed by some variation on the theme, "I wish I had a million bucks." In extreme cases, it might become, "I wish I had a dry crust... a pair of shoes... a home." Or on the other hand, "I wish there were some more worlds to conquer." Many men never outgrow this stage, a modified form of primeval jungle philosophy.

The second stage of ambition usually consists of wanting to do or achieve something great. "If only I could find the time, I would write a book"... "build a boat"... "start a business." But there is something more behind this than a mere desire to achieve something for its own sake. For example, the last man left alive on earth would take little pleasure in making some great discovery, let us say, in astronomy; the satisfaction to be derived from it would soon wear off, for it is the exceptional man indeed who pursues truth solely for its own sake, and who sincerely desires nothing more from life than peace and quiet and a place to pursue his studies. Our astronomer would want his discovery to be known, talked about, admired. In other words a man's desire for achievement usually stems from a more basic desire: the ambition to become famous, to be remembered.

"The ambition to be remembered." That ambition, as we have already seen, is one very seldom realized. Often, when it is realized, the reason for it seems unworthy or unimportant. This is so in the case of infamous rather than famous men. John Wilkes Booth, for instance, will always be remembered because he shot a man who was very famous in his own right. Can Booth's character, or his life, compare with those of countless thousands of unremembered men and women through the ages, who although they lived pure lives, doing good and "walking in the paths of righteousness," like Chaucer's Parson,

never achieved anything spectacular enough to warrant them a place in history? Of course not, but fate plays strange tricks; Manlius, a sentry who fell asleep while standing guard over the town hall of Rome, then a village of a few thousand inhabitants, is remembered because he was awakened by a flock of geese.

The third and highest form, the most mature and Christian form of ambition, is a selfless desire to be of service to others and to the world in general. I do not mean degrading, obsequious fawning, but a higher form of service, exalting in its devotion. Very few men have, far less realize, this ambition. It is occasionally encountered in the clergy, or in a truly dedicated teacher, serving God and man to the utmost of their abilities, pursuing their ideals regardless of the reward, if there is one, or the hardships. Such a man is Dr. Albert Schweitzer, who gave up several distinguished and lucrative careers in order to found a hospital mission in Africa; such are many of the Christian saints. In this category also falls service to one's country, which is held by many in even higher esteem; no man was more honored by the early Romans than one who gave his life for his fatherland. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said Jesus Christ, "for they shall inherit the earth."

Most of us, however, are doomed to disappointment. We must watch our mists of dreams disappear, dispersed by the cold wind of reality. Our castles topple, the bubbles of our imagination burst; yet we endure "the petty round, the common task," all the daily frustrations and occasional rewards of life, somehow refraining from committing suicide. It is this fact that causes man's need for religion; we could not live without some form of comfort, some superior being to whom we can look for guidance, and who willingly assumes our troubles. The world's great men, however, have not been renowned for their piety. They had a substitute for religion: sublime self-confidence.

It is necessarily the common man who composes the backbone of a great nation; he must suffer at the hands of politicians, of militarists, of occasional dictators. He is not granted the realization of his ambitions, the satisfaction of his desires and needs; he is a mere tool, putty in the hands of the world's demagogues. Yet somehow he contrives to remain happy and to perpetuate the race. When he occasionally realizes his power, flexes his muscles, as it were, as in the beginning of the French Revolution, kingdoms fall and crowns topple.

"Let not Ambition mock their useful toil," sternly warns Gray. Take comfort, O Common Man...

"The Paths of glory lead but to the grave."

P. WHITE, (Form VII)



LEADERSHIP

Warren Hale Prize Essay

What can one man or woman possess that makes him or her capable of overseeing fellow humans? Is the ability to lead born in a man, to grow steadily as he does, or is leadership like a plant, fated to wither or to flourish by the actions of its caretaker?

Perhaps a leader might be defined as someone who, by his personality, thoughts, and actions, influences other people to act or to think in a particular way. Since actions can be directly attributed to a person's thoughts, while thoughts follow the pattern of a person's character or personality, it follows that the latter is the distinguishing mark of the leader. This conclusion is aptly borne out by the words of dynan Abbott:

"The greatest and most vital power in influencing life is personality. It is greater than law, instruction, or example."

The question now arises as to whether personality is born in a being or is the product of a mode of life.

One must not imagine a leader purely and simply as a dashing hero leading a cavalry charge, or rallying his wounded men, time and again, to the defence. Every noted person whether good or evil, no matter how modest or unassuming, is a leader. His methods are taken to be an example of success. In this viewpoint lies the answer to our question, as pointed out by William Shakespeare:

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

"Some are born great..." Very few, I would say, are truly 'born great.' Royalty, a title, a famous parent, may mean that a person is noted; it does not mean that he is great! In this same case lie those who have 'greatness thrust upon them.' Theirs is a difficult position, for, though they may not be truly great, they are leaders by example.

Yet it is to those who achieve it that greatness belongs. As T. W. Higginson said:

"Great men are rarely isolated mountain-peaks; they are the summits of ranges."

Every man I believe is born with a certain leadership or greatness potential which varies with the person. Like one's vocabulary, it will remain stagnant unless primed. "Great men are rarely isolated mountain peaks..." They do not appear unneeded and uncalled for. The greatness in a man must be brought out by either a competitive desire between him and others or an outside desire. Rarely does the lulling, siren-like song of prosperity inspire men to greatness; rather, it is the wailing, pleading

"TRACKS"

Prize-winning photos by G. Gay of the B.C.S. Camera Club.

call of adversity which lifts men from their ordinary way of life and transports them to some high pinnacle.

If I were to take two examples they would be Joan of Arc and Edith Cavell.

The first, Joan of Arc, was a gentle farm girl from the fields of Lorraine, who, seeing her native France in the hands of the invading English stepped to the fore and inspired her countrymen to drive the English out. Had these circumstances not prevailed, would not Joan have remained a gentle, pious and unobtrusive farm girl?

Edith Cavell was a British nurse in World War I. She bravely assisted her country's soldiers to escape until she was at last executed by the Germans. Yet neither of these great women died altogether; their names lived on to lead and inspire others.

Greatness is sought in different ways. Some people desire power; for example, Napoleon tried to subjugate all of Europe. Some people desire riches; for example, Rockefeller is said to have been the richest man in the

world. Some desire fame, for no end of examples could be found. Yet did these people do things simply to satisfy their desire for power, riches or fame? Napoleon felt that the only good government in Europe would be one of all Europe. Rockefeller gave a great bulk of his riches away. Yet greater than any of these is Albert Schweitzer who gave up fame and riches, if not power, as an organist and authority on Bach music, to stoop and help his fellow men. He makes no fuss, yet, on his own, he does more than many of the richest people. As Emerson said:

"Nothing is more simple than greatness," and Albert Schweitzer is a leader, for what is a leader but one who has an ideal and is willing to strive and die for it?

Indeed, in truth, all of us are leaders, for what one of us had not looked up to someone for an example? And what one of us is not the example for some other? If the ideals of the world are high, then the path shall lead higher, but if our example is bad, what hope have we?

M. BELL, (Form M VI)

BLUEPRINT OF CRIME

Blake Jandson sat behind his desk in the atomic research plant, a cigarette hanging limply from his moist lips. It was a blistering day for early June, and the perspiration dripped from his frowning brow. Before him lay a pile of reports, but it was just too humid to work. Somebody rapped on the door, and the engineer, propping his pencil behind his ear, settled back in his chair and rested his hands on the arms. A thin young man stepped into the room, his shirt sleeves rolled up to the elbow, a folder under his arm.

"Mornin', Mr. Jandson. Mighty hot to-day, sir!"

"Aye, that it is, Bob. What's this, more work?"

"'Fraid so, sir. A report on that aircraft which crashed at Blue Creek last Thursday. Something dealing with the blue prints."

"It appears mighty mysterious! File number 732-XJ-28. Hmm, odd! I didn't know there was anything wrong with the old blueprints? Probably some minor point. Thank you, Bob."

The intercom buzzed, interrupting their conversation. Blake swivelled around in his chair and flipped the switch on. A feminine voice pierced the quietness.

"Mr. Dawson would like you to go down to his office, sir."

"Thank you, Janet. I'll go immediately."

Blake turned the intercom off and swung back to Bob who was standing at ease before the desk.

"I'll go over this report later, Bob. Right now, the commissioner wants to see me. Thanks for bringing this up."

Blake stood up, and draping his jacket over his arm, ushered the boy out of the office. He nodded to his secretary and trotted down the stairs to the base com-

missioner's office, putting on his jacket as he went. Mr. Dawson's secretary told him to go in, and so he pushed open the door and strode into the commissioner's office beyond. Sam Dawson, Commissioner of Police at the base, was standing by the open window, looking out, the sash clasped in his hand. A giant electric fan whirled merrily in a corner. Mr. Dawson abruptly snapped his body around at the click of the door.

"Good morning, Sam," said Jandson pleasantly.

"Morning to you, Blake," replied Sam, "and a happy heat wave!"

"My secretary sounded as though it was urgent, so I came right down. Something turn up about the plane?"

"No, but the murder case is now officially closed!"

"Oh, when did this happen?"

"Merely after a week of difficult labour, which the public classify as a soft job. When you drove out to Blue Creek with those technicians, and identified some of those mangled parts as pieces of the missing jet aircraft, you got the ball rolling."

"What about the pilot; is he our boy?"

"The coroner says there is no way of telling. I presume he must have been the same test-pilot who disappeared from this nuclear base on the 28th. He is the only person who could handle that atomic powered baby. Nobody else within a thousand miles of here knows the intricate controls. But then why did that bloody plane crash? Maybe it isn't our boy who plummeted to his death, and is now strewn about the Blue Creek area."

"I guess we'll never know, Sam. I heard all the men are dead now, is that true? They gambled with mighty high stakes and lost."

"Yes, the last man, Joseph Sidney, died yesterday.

He came out of his coma long enough to clear his guilty conscience."

"In what way?" inquired Blake.

"He admitted to shooting that bank clerk. Father Andrews heard his confession. Another thing we still don't know is who killed the guard at the plane. I suppose it was the man sporting the sub-machine gun. By the way, did I tell you that the money in that brief-case dropped at the plane was identified by the bank? Every cent is accounted for."

"No, you didn't mention that. I heard the licence number of the pick-up truck checked and the vehicle has been cleared!"

"That's right," answered Sam Dawson. "I have to admit we have been very lucky on this case. Almost every piece in the puzzle falls into place. First real cut and dried case I can remember."

"Well, I'd better get back upstairs. Sure is enough work piling up. Reports and all kinds of documents. We also have to get a new test-pilot, Jandson added as he hauled himself erect. "Thanks for getting me up to date on this case, Sam, I do appreciate it."

Sam Dawson slid out from behind his desk, and walked to the door with Blake. After saying good-bye, he turned to his secretary and began talking to her, knocking out the ashes in his pipe as he did so, by rapping the bowl against the heel of his shoe, and letting the cinders flutter into the waste paper basket.

Blake, a paper-cup of lukewarm water in his hand, slammed his office door shut with his foot. He gulped the water down and crumpled the paper in his hand, dropping it in the ash-tray. After peeling off his jacket, he slumped into the most comfortable chair in the office, for he decided it was much too hot to work. Slowly his mind drifted back over a sea of emotions to eight days before, when he had been unwillingly sucked into a vacuum of terrifying events. First it had been the bank episode. . .

Three men with lowered hats and dark masks had walked into the First National Bank. They all carried guns, clenched in determined fists. The occupants of the bank had been lined up along an open stretch of wall, their hands resting on their heads. One bandit leaned against the bank entrance, watching the frightened workers and customers. The other two men had gone through all the drawers, crowding the wads of bills into a brown leather briefcase. An investigation later revealed a total of \$37,000 had been stolen! A young bank-teller, in some respects a glory-boy, but still possessing a little extra grit in his craw, watched carefully for a chance to upset the bandit's plans. However, the man guarding the bank entrance wasn't as lazy as he appeared. The teller dove for the alarm; a gun thundered its defiance twice, and the bullets knifed through the air, burying themselves in the boy's anatomy. He pitched

forward clutching his torn stomach, bounced off a wooden partition and slithered along the floor to lie in a grotesque position, his fingers inches from success. One woman clutched her face and covered her eyes, a horrified scream echoing from between her trembling lips. The bandits hesitated but briefly, backed through the entrance, guns steady, then turning, plunged down the well trodden steps. A light green pickup truck stood stationary at the curb, engine throttled. As the men rushed towards it, the door on their side was thrown open. Two men piled into the back of the truck, while the remaining bandit hopped into the cab as the truck inched forward. The bank alarm crackled into life and people poured onto the sidewalk from the entrance of the building. The Ford automobile was thundering down the tree lined avenue at a tremendous clip, but one individual managed to jot down the licence number before the plate disappeared from view. The pickup truck careened around a corner, tires squealing, and plowing into the unknown with a blast of its car horn, was lost in the midday traffic.

For a small town in a high mountain region, the settlement was rather densely populated. The town had grown around a busy nuclear research centre, the site of which was strategically located in a deep valley amongst a myriad of perpendicular cliffs. At the moment the base was carrying out ground tests on a newly designed jet-powered aircraft. Air tests had almost commenced when the test-pilot had disappeared. Perhaps he had been kidnapped; nobody was sure. This robbery had really been the second in a series of events, but at the time, the two cases did not seem to link together. After the robbery, the local constabulary had rolled into action again; the newspaper also rolled into production with a new set of headlines. There was great deal of speculation and talk by most of the town dwellers of the recent rise in crime in Abbotsville. As a result, the police became more cautious and alert, and because the only exit from the valley was by road, the pass highways were blocked. However, the green truck never came,—three days the town waited patiently, but nothing!

Then a ray of hope pierced the stagnant mire of the case. A farmer, trudging to his field along the road to the nuclear base, reported he had seen a black Ford truck creeping along the highway, lights extinguished, about six o'clock in the early, misty morning. He declared that although the truck didn't entirely fit the published description, the licence plate seemed to contain the same numbers as the one posted. A couple of the numbers had been changed somehow, but the farmer's observation later proved to be correct. Immediately following the report, the guards at the atomic research centre were alerted by telephone, and every man on the local police force was dragged from his bed and propelled towards the base. The bandits must have had entrance passes, forged

no doubt, for the guard on duty at the gate told police he had let a black truck through. The rear of the truck had been covered with a tarpaulin, and two men were sitting in the cab. The other desperados were definitely smuggled in under the tarpaulin. The police were positive a showdown was imminent. They stealthily swarmed through the heavy wire mesh gates, and were directed to their respective positions for the survey of the base by officers. Rifle bolts, chambers, safety mechanisms and rounds were checked in the cool dawn air.

Accidentally, the bold criminals made what later appeared to be their fateful mistake. It was a minor point which might be normally overlooked, but with everyone so tense, it was obvious. The plane had been left unguarded on a runway facing the usual direction from which the wind blew. Not knowing when tests were to be resumed, no order had been given for the aircraft to be hauled back to the confines of the steel hangar, merely for it to be secured on the concrete strip to face the elements. Men working in that vicinity were common, and so the bandits didn't seem out of place by the plane, especially since they were wearing base work clothes. Because of the intense heat, an order had been issued stating that anyone working in the open was to wear a hat. Only two of the men seemed to have anything on their heads. Had they been on the other side of the plane, no one would have noticed. One of the policemen from the base said that he would walk out and take them a couple of hats, and ask them to be on the lookout for the bandits. The commissioner told about five other men to go out with him and take a look around in that district. They shrugged, and tossing their carbines over their shoulders, trudged off. The men said after that the bandits were busy unstrapping the plane and rolling the chocks away from the wheels. It seemed a little strange, but the men seemed totally unconcerned as we approached. One looked up and said something to his buddies. They regarded us for a second, and then continued with their work. They were working faster now. Another bandit picked up a brief case and began walking towards the plane.

"We were fairly close now," related the officer, "and I saw a man sitting in the cockpit of the plane. I realized that we had stumbled upon the crooks proceeding with a totally unexpected plan of escape. The man in the plane must have been the missing test-pilot who was flying the money out. I warned the other men of what I thought, and told them to be ready if I was right. I yelled to the people clustered around the plane when I was about one hundred yards away from them.

"Hey, you out there. Face us and put your hands on your heads!"

"That was the spark that lit the match! The man with the brief case bounded towards the plane. Another bandit

yanked out a revolver and fired at us. We had our guns up and the safeties off, and we began to charge forward. A shell sang past my nose and I dropped to my stomach. With my rifle under my arm, I wriggled forward and slid into a shallow irrigation ditch. One of our men, carrying a Browning Automatic Rifle, walked steadily forward in a crouched position, his gun on automatic, firing the rounds from his waist. He fired a trifle high in short, intermittent bursts, rather to frighten them than to wound them, the bullets ripping through the air, some of them bouncing off the metal casing of the aircraft. The crooks were taking cover. They weren't shooting high, though. A single shot struck our man with the Browning and he crumpled, his fingers still tightened on the trigger. The few remaining shots plowed into the dry earth a few feet ahead of him. Another crook was running to get something lying on the ground, while the others covered him with a blanket of pistol fire. I saw the man with the brief case climb up on the wing of the plane, but we were keeping our heads down, for they had found what they wanted, a Sten gun. The bullets at first careened about two feet over our heads. Then he got his range and the next clip tore into the ground, knocking up puffs of dry dirt and hurling it all around us. He was firing in a wide arc, keeping all of us pinned down. As reinforcements began to run towards us, the jet thundered into life. Help was still a long way off; they floundered towards us hesitantly, trying to dodge the ricocheting lead. I risked my neck and chattering teeth to squeeze off a hasty shot at the man with the brief case. He was crawling along the glimmering, silver wing, and I nailed him attempting to hand the case up to the pilot, and he dropped it. He staggered back and tried to grab it as it slid along the metal wing. Someone else in our group hit him twice more and the case dropped to the ground. The plane began to glide along the runway and the bleeding man lying on the wing was swept overboard and plummeted to the earth. Two streaks of crimson flame were belching from the screaming engines. The plane rocketed off the strip and climbed at a perpendicular angle to the receding ground into the stratosphere. It took only a few seconds to disappear. Someone plugged the man with the Sten gun, and seconds later all was quiet on the front. Help arrived and we reported back to you, sir. All but one of theirs dead, also one of ours and one wounded."

And so the case was nearly closed. We had all the bandits except one, and every cent of the money was accounted for. The truck was in our possession now, although it was a different colour. We had lost our plane but expected it to show up. The police had sent out a coast-to-coast broadcast, and all radio and television stations were carrying the bulletin. An hour later we were rewarded! At Blue Creek, 150 miles distant, a plane had

been spotted. It had suddenly begun to leave a zig-zag trail of exhaust fumes which slowly began to spiral downward. A few seconds later there was a blinding flash of light, followed by a gigantic explosion which shook the country-side, smashed windows, and left a huge crater and numerous pock marks in a farmer's field. We had gone over immediately and parts of the plane were identified. There wasn't much left, but enough to close the case. And so the case is solved to the best of human ability. But why did the jet crash? I suppose we'll never know.

Blake Jandson slowly pulled himself erect, and walked over to the pile of work stacked on his desk. He picked up the folder which was lying on the top of the stack,

file 732-XJ-28. He picked it up and opened the cover. He read the words stamped in thick white across the blue background of the blue print. It took a few seconds for the words to register in his heat-dulled brain. Suddenly he saw the irony in it and burst into peals of laughter. So fate had played a role in the conclusion. A scientist goofed, lost a plane indirectly, and solved the riddle! For there it stared up at him from the open folder.

A SECTION OF THE TAIL FLAPS MUST BE
REMEDIED BEFORE FUTURE TESTS— MAY
CAUSE FATAL SPIN AT HIGH SPEED AND
ALTITUDE.

W. HAMBLY, (Form VA I)

THE MARCH WIND

Down from the North it came,
Stopping to talk to no one,

Carrying with it the sharpened cold of the
great North, and lifting the new-fallen snow from its
resting place,

And then, as soon as it had the snow in
its arm, like an eagle with its prey, it released it, and
the result was a million tiny, and some great, glistening
waves on the plains.

Slowly,

And then, gathering speed, and snow,

The mystifying power in the snow-filled sky
would dive and climb again like an eagle seeking food
and then diving upon its prey.

So this cruel wind dived upon the helpless
snow.

Down and down,

Farther and farther the wind went until it
came upon its strongest enemy.

It could move the snows,

Drive the trees to the ground,

Loosen the hinges of a door,

But it could do nothing to man.

Nothing!

So the angry blast, seeking revenge, refused
to turn back, and gathering energy in every mile swept
to the South . . . and the calm waters.

It did not know its fate, for no wind that
went before,

Ever returned to tell the tale:

The tale of how the skyscrapers cut the
wind's back, and how the wounded wind was forced out
to green pastures,

By Cape Hatteras

To die

And be shrouded in the sails of the fishing
boats.

It was not a painful death, but a slow
withering away,

Not sudden,

But like falling petals

Slowly drifting to rest.

T. RANKIN, (Form V A I)

NOCTURNE

Overhead the moon is beaming
Bright as light from lanterns gleaming.
Trees, that to the skies are lifting,
Rustle while their leaves are drifting
Gently from their twisting branches
Earthwards where the squirrel munches
Acorns in the soft air's lightness
Waiting for the morning's brightness,
When with leaps and bounds he scurries,
And with panting breath he hurries.
Now and then, small shapes, advancing

To the fields, await the prancing
Of the wise owl ever waiting;
'Tis his threat'ning claws, they're hating.
While along the massive mountains
Bubbling streams break into fountains,
Flowing to the lake that glistens
In the moonlight. Then one listens
To the nightingale, whose singing
Fills the air with joyful ringing.
But above these scenes of splendour
Reigns our King in all His grandeur.

D. KHAZZAM, (Form IV A)

YOUTH

When I was young I often wondered why
 An older man should hold his youth so near,
 Whose loads, with those of age, fulfil the year,
 With winter first and last. The first is by,
 When wiser, more mature men use my eye
 And speak for me and govern what I hear,
 And little know of what to me is dear,
 While they attempt to plot the course I ply.
 The longing for all deep concerns has fled;
 The course is run, the goal is now at hand;
 I see the untrue path which I have led,
 The freedom of my youth is near its end.
 I thank all those who tried; they helped God's plan
 That youth be but the trial to make the man.

M. BELL, (Form M VI)

AGE

My quiet mind now sees, not as before,
 Not as the hundred dreams which I have left;
 My present, tacit wanderings explore
 Far deeper in the endless, open cleft
 In which man's thought is but a silent track
 To lead to treasures hidden there, and where
 One ponders briefly on a shiny fact
 Then falls upon a theory's hidden ware.
 It is a rest for weary mortal's mind,
 So free from all the noise of which one tires,
 And where, if one but searches, he will find
 A peace, the soothing peace our soul desires.
 So, conscious of a near retreat from men,
 Withdraw and contemplate this tranquil glen.

CREPUSCULES

No longer daytime
 Though not yet night,
 It's after sunset;
 The remaining light,
 The red and yellow
 Fringed purple hue

Blends with the darkening
 Clear sky blue.
 Slowly it fades
 And is carried away,
 Like a musical chord
 On the end of the day.

M. BELL, (Form M VI)

UNEXPECTED RENDEZ-VOUS

Edmund Hurst, industrialist, multimillionaire, was slumped over his mahogany desk. It was past working hours; in fact, it was approaching ten o'clock on Saturday night—his last Saturday night.

Edmund Hurst was a man of unquestionable reliability. His well-combed brown hair, the firmness of his features and the erectness of his six-foot frame pledged confidence and demanded trust. Gray hairs had crept among the brown and a few lonely wrinkles had appeared on his forehead, silent reminders of his years of hard work and anxiety. At this moment, his sensitive brown eyes intently studied the white envelope in front of him, postmarked ten days previously. On the left hand corner, the words "St. Mary's Hospital" stuck out like a cactus in the Antarctic. He could remember all too clearly the morning he took his leave of the hospital, his brother's melancholy voice echoing in his ears, "Ed, there are numerous curable cardiac diseases; unfortunately the one you have is not. The disease has been treated by various scientific methods; they have failed! Only one thing can remove it, God's hands, and they have a terrible deadline of ten days to beat."

"God's hands." He hoped they would be strong, capable, welcome hands. One detail bothered him. Why

hadn't Sam Green, his personal physician, brought the telling news to him himself? "But," he reasoned, "the siege is almost over. Today is the eleventh day."

He looked about the office of the South-West Steel Company, of which he had been president for the best part of six years. If he had to die, the most fitting place would be where he had devoted his life. Yes, he had worked feverishly; when he had taken over the company, it was balanced on the precipice of bankruptcy. Now the South-West Steel Company was the lion of the steel industry. Having bade farewell to his only surviving relative, his brother, he had come to the portal of the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

"Relax," a menacing voice cautioned him. His eyes flew up, only to stare into the unsociable business end of a forty-five.

At first, panic gripped his already dying heart. "Calm down, Ed, calm down," he checked himself. "So what if it does go off. It will only hasten my departure by a few minutes." Confidently he demanded:

"What do you want? If it's money, you've come to the wrong place."

"Why Ed, I'm disappointed in you! Don't you recognize your old buddy? Come now, think hard." The

burly little man with the cunning of a fox and a face to match melted the good energy he had in him to eject one of his best imitations of a smile.

"Dutch?" The word leapt from Hurst's mouth like a finger out of boiling water. How could he ever rid his mind of that contemptible sadistic leer and the missing ear of William Mackenzie, alias Dutch to his under-world playmates.

"Didn't think you'd forget me. Know what the visit is for naturally?"

"Surely you don't mean to . . ."

"Stow the gab, friend. There you sit, respected, wealthy, not having to watch your back. While I'm regarded as an "also-ran" to the mud of people's boots, running night and day, wondering where my next mouthful will come from, or if I'll be alive to eat it. You put me where I am, buster, and I've come for my turn at bat!"

"You're crazy, Dutch! We both had the same opportunities."

"Yeah, until you messed it for me. Yeah, we were both competitors for president of this joint when Old Hargreaves kicked the bucket. I was about to be elected president, when, out of a clear blue sky, the board of directors received an anonymous letter."

"Dutch, I swear I didn't send it!"

"Who else would know I had a vacation at the expense of the government for five years, except the lawyer who attempted to defend me? Who stood to gain if I didn't succeed? You! You wrote that letter and I'm going to write your death warrant in bullets. How do you prefer it? Back? Chest? Head?"

"It's a queer world. You're going to beat God by a few minutes."

"What in tarnation do you mean by that? Don't try any of your fancy tricks on me, pal."

"It's no trick. Here, read this. You might be interested in what has cheated you of vengeance."

Dutch grabbed the envelope and ripped it open. Having read it critically through twice, it drifted from his hands

to the floor. He burst into a roar like that of Goliath when he saw David's apparent fragility. "This is better than I planned. Now I can watch you shake hands with the devil as I thought I was on the verge of doing a few weeks ago. But I was released from St. Mary's with a clean bill of health. I had conquered an unconquerable heart disease. It was then I began my quest for you. Sit down. Have a cigar on me; it might be your last!" At this he erupted into his pugnacious roar.

"Why, you cheap crook," Hurst blurted in desperation, "I'll see you pay for this." At the thought of Dutch's presence with him at the end, his confidence had faltered.

"If you do, it won't be from this world. C'mon; have a cigar. It will cool your nerves for a few minutes. After that you won't have to worry about anything!"

Perspiration ran from his forehead as he took the cigar in his shaking, fumbling fingers and lit it. He tugged at his hair, muttering to himself, "When will it come? When will it come?"

He had just finished mumbling his thoughts aloud when the door rebounded against the wall and an elderly gentleman, panting as if he had just completed a four minute mile, stumbled in. "Ed, Ed, there's been a terrible . . ."

"Hold it, friend!" Dutch interrupted. "What are you in such a panic about? Where's the fire?"

"My name's Green. You can lower that daisy-pusher. I've come to tell Ed there's been a terrible error. His heart is healthy again! It seems the nurse on duty mixed his certificate up with another person's. Some unfortunate soul is about to pass from this world and doesn't realize it. Perhaps it's better that way. Here are the certificates: the other one is some fellow named . . ."

He wasn't given the chance to finish; the paper sprang from his clutch to begin the race that ran to Dutch's trembling hands, past his unbelieving eyes and finished next to death on the stone-cold floor. On top of it toppled the murderous forty-five, ironically concealing the words "William Mackenzie."

J. MILLER, (Form VA I)

REFLECTIONS ON AUTUMN

"The evening breeze caressed the trees, tenderly . . ."

I'm walking along a country road, singing a few bars of 'September Song,' when a voice from nowhere says,

"Hah!"

"Whazzat?" says I.

"Who said that?" I ask. You don't expect voices to yell out at you from nowhere and when they do, you are surprised, to say the least.

"'Tenderly', phooey!"

"Where, in the name of Heaven, are you?"

"Up here, stupid. Above you."

"Funny boy! There's nothing above me but a bare tree."

"Not quite."

"All right, one leaf."

"That's more like it."

"You mean you're the . . ."

"That's it, buster."

"Impossible!"

"But true. Now, about this 'tenderly' stuff. That's

a lot of hogwash. The guy that wrote it should be shot."

"Who are you to say? It's a very beautiful song. Just what have you got against it?"

"Who am I? What have I...? Listen, bud," says the leaf, turning red with anger. "The evening breeze is about as tender as a bull whip. Why, I sway until I'm seasick."

"Seasick, hah!" says I. "You can't get seasick without a stomach, and everyone knows that leaves don't have stomachs, and..."

"There's another thing. How would you like to be frozen stiff every night, until you turn permanently red?"

"So much may be true, but, as you are obviously a figment of my imagination, I refuse to believe in you, or listen to you any more."

"Unbeliever! Here comes one of your 'caressing' breezes now... I can't last much longer... here I go...!"

The last leaf flew away in the breeze, and all was silent.

G. LEACH

GOING HOME

The cool soothing breeze caressed the tender shoots on the wakening branches, and carries along the gentle whisperings of nature as she talked to herself. The golden lip of the full moon peeked shyly over the horizon. Then, seeing no one around, Luna stepped out boldly to cruise the dark sky and gaze down upon the silent world.

The Bayview Orphanage, squat and insipidly boxlike, looked dismal and evil in the murky blackness. A sagging porch protruded awkwardly from the front of the house like a boxer's broken nose, while the silent windows seemed to stare endlessly into space like blind eyes.

Then, suddenly, the stillness was broken. Slowly a window over the porch began to ease up, and presently, a small figure slipped cautiously out onto the roof. At closer inspection, it proved to be a young lad. Crouching warily, he tiptoed across the decrepit old roof and, wrapping himself about one of the smooth, weather-beaten pillars, he slid swiftly to the bottom. Unaccustomed as he was to the laws of gravity, his velocity got rather out of hand with the result that he hit the base with a loud thud that jarred out of his head all ambition to be a fireman, as well as snapping the chain on his precious family locket and bruising his shins painfully.

Pausing only momentarily to rub his aching shins, he scooped up the locket tenderly and, clutching it tightly in his small hand, he lit out down the road, disappearing presently in the deep shadows of the encroaching trees.

James Melville was a blond, tousle-haired lad, bursting with curiosity. Aged twelve, he was as scrappy as a fighting cock. This endless activity made him like a perpetual motion machine, while his love of never ending new adventures and his position earmarked him as a pauper playboy. Perhaps he had inherited this last trait from his father, a fun-loving, party-throwing, free-spending industrialist, who was killed in an auto accident before Jimmy was five years old, leaving little to show for the fortunes that had passed through his hands. Things had gone from bad to worse as time went on, and when

Jimmy's mother died when he was barely nine, he was placed in the Bayview Orphanage, located two and a half miles from Bayview City, a metropolis of a quarter of a million people. From the very start, Jimmy clashed with the myriad restrictions and became lethargic and morose. It was only a matter of time, in this case a bare three months, before his mind touched on escape.

Thirty minutes of time passed before Jimmy realized the dilemma he was in. In boyish fashion, he had concentrated on getting out of the orphanage, giving no thought to what he would do *after* getting out. Now he had no idea where he was or where he was going. As if in answer to his wonderment, the highway suddenly cuddled up beside a railway line where two empty freight cars sat stolidly on a siding.

Exhausted and footsore, Jimmy welcomed the chance to clamber into an empty car and burrow into the hay at one end. Scarcely had he lain down when sleep crept up and snatched him away.

The cheery sun was barely above the horizon the next morning when Jimmy was jostled awake. He rose groggily to his feet and was confronted by another boy about his own age.

"Who are you?" the other queried, guardedly. "How did you get here?"

"I... I climbed in last night," Jimmy mumbled, still a bit dazed, and then, struck by a sudden thought, asked, "Did you run away too?"

The other boy nodded seriously.

"How come?" Jimmy pressed. "Are you an orphan too?"

"An orphan? No, I live in the city. My parents are filthy rich and my mother won't let me play with any kids who are 'below my station'." He emphasized the last three words. "I hate all the other rich kids though; they're such a bunch of snobs!" He wrinkled his nose in an expression of disgust.

"Well, I guess you won't like me then," said Jimmy.

"I'm an orphan now, but my mother told me that my father used to be quite rich."

"Oh no," the other boy said emphatically, "I like you! Do you want to run away with me?"

"Sure!"

At that moment, a loud toot indicated the approach of a train down the track.

"Quick!" the other boy whispered. "Let's hide! Maybe they'll take these cars."

The two youngsters vanished under a pile of hay with a flurry of activity. Then Jimmy pushed his head out again.

"Hey," he asked, "what's your name, anyway?"

"Tim Sterling," said a muffled voice from under the hay.

"Mine's Jimmy Melville."

There was a loud roar as the train barreled past like a belligerent bull. As soon as it had faded into the distance, the two runaways brushed away the straw.

"Darn it," said Tim. "I was hoping they'd take us along."

"So was I," replied Jimmy. "They'll know I'm gone at the orphanage by now. We'd better be going. Do you know where we could get this fixed?" He held out his locket with the broken chain.

"Sure," said Tim. "We could sneak up to our place and fix it. Mom and Dad were both out for the day when I left this morning and we can tell the maid some phony excuse."

The two companions leapt nimbly from the car, and trotted off.

"It's a bit over that way," Tim yelled after a moment and then added. "Hey, I'll race you to that tree."

And that's the way it was all the way to the house. They raced, they took potshots with stones at trees, and they fenced with broken branches, always making a little competition out of it. All the occupations which the young minds could muster were put to the test and, when they finally came in sight of the large, rambling house, both youngsters were thoroughly exhausted.

They tumbled onto the grass and lay there moaning and panting. Then, Tim scrambled to his feet.

"Let's go," he whispered. "Sh-h-h!"

The two invaders approached stealthily, crawling on their bellies. Reaching the house, they rose up and slithered along the wall. Presently Tim signaled a halt before a small, recessed basement window. He motioned toward the window.

"This is where I get in and out when Mom's around," he breathed. They squeezed through the narrow aperture and dropped to the floor below. Tim paused to listen and then, motioning Jimmy to follow, crossed to

another door and entered. The room was medium sized, lighted by a small window of the type through which the two boys had entered. Tim flicked the light switch and two bright fluorescent lamps flooded the room with light.

"This is Dad's workshop," Tim whispered, "he's showing me how to use the tools."

A large workbench almost covered one end of the room. The two boys crossed to it, avoiding the various electrical tools scattered around the room. Jimmy was speechless at the array of glittering objects. He felt an overwhelming desire to finger the different things and examine them, but he wisely refrained.

"You got the thing?" Tim asked glancing over the tools. Jimmy extracted it carefully from his pocket and handed it to him. Tim took the locket and turned it over in his hand examining it with a professional air. After a moment he put it down on the bench and turned. "It'll be easy to fix," he said. "One of the links just has to be squeezed together. Dad said to use one of these things." He leaned over towards a pair of pliers.

"Timothy. Are you there?"

Tim froze. "Jeeps. It's Mom. Quick, hide."

Jimmy glanced around panic-stricken, and dove behind the electric saw.

"Timothy!" The voice was nearer now, and presently a matronly woman of about forty appeared in the doorway. She had white, white hair and striking features.

"Timothy, she said, "why didn't you answer? Now where have you been? The cook said she saw you sneaking out of the house." She paused, seeing the locket on the bench, and then picked it up.

"What's this?" she asked. "Why this is... Timothy, where did you get this? I demand to know!"

Jimmy came forward from his hiding place. "It's mine, Mrs. Sterling," he said. "Tim was just fixing it for me."

"And just who are you?"

"Jimmy Melville," replied the discovered youngster. "Those are my... were my... parents."

At this point Tim broke in. "Yes, Mom, he's an orphan but he said that his father used to be rich. So can't I play with him? It's no fun being an only child..."

"Alice, he's right," interrupted a voice from the doorway, and a bulky, pleasant-looking man appeared. His trim, athletic figure made him look almost like a college boy. Only the wrinkles on his face belied such a conclusion.

"Oh, Jack, think of the trouble. Think how it would disturb our lives. Why..." She broke off as she turned toward Tim.

"All I can say, Alice, is that our lives could use a little disturbance."

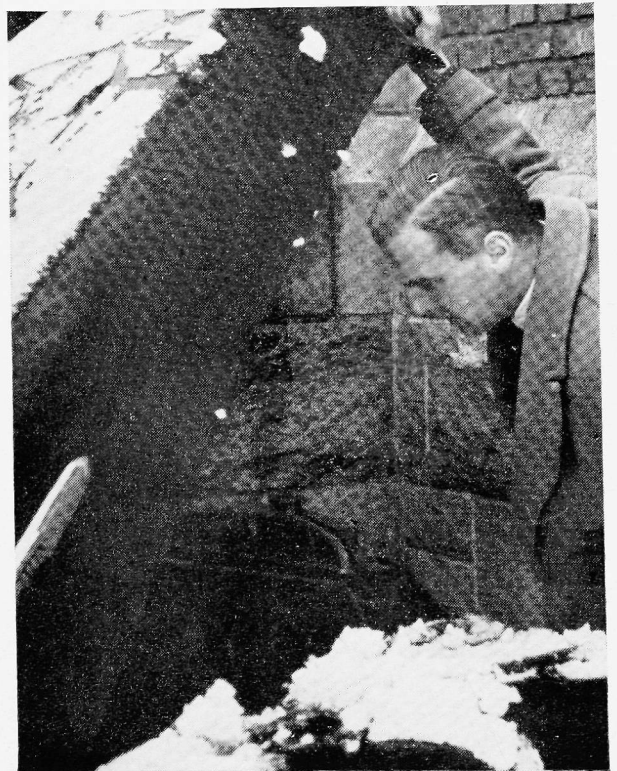
M. BELL, (Form M VI)



"WILL YOU—WON'T YOU JOIN THE DANCE?"



"WELL"



"OH DEAR, WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?"



CHALET MEMBERS

SMOKING ROOM SAGA

1. You've had time to see the classrooms and the squash courts and the rink:

You've seen a few degenerates with paper, pen, and ink:

You've called upon the prefects, and you've even seen the staff—

Whatever you may think of them, don't let them hear you laugh.

So now sit up, young innocents, prepare to meet your doom,

We're going to take you visiting The Chalet Smoking Room.

(Refrain) We're a rough lot, a tough lot,
A rather unsavoury gang.
We haven't learned much English,
But we're up in the latest slang.
We haven't a clue about grammar
Or matriculation needs,
But each of us has a packet
Of the most expensive weeds.

2. Down the stairs, along the hall, and down the stairs again—

We live between the washrooms and the school's main drain.

Herm and George and Foxy have just gone to join the crowd;

Ace is standing outside 'cause he isn't yet allowed.
In you peer and see quite near, looming through the murk,
The fine Egyptian profile of your old friend, Urk.

3. There's others hiding in the smoke: get this and get it good:

We've Loon and Cous, J.D. and Len—we picked the worst we could;

There's Goodenough and Hamilton, just shadows on the wall,

And Bugs and Wimp, a trifle limp—we like 'em spite of all.

So strike a light and light it right and have yourselves a ball,

With Sharpy and with Grimy and with little Maccy Call.

4. Robbie is our president; he sneaked in on the sly;
Tex and Dunc are due to flunk: it's easy to see why:
Avoiding work and things like that, we've turned into an art:

We think you'll all agree with us—we're—really—awfully—smart;

And when you're as old as Ernie—that is, nearly twenty-three—

The Chalet is the only place you'll ever want to be.

HOUSE PARODIES

SMITH HOUSE—by Chapman House

Flap, flap, flap,
 Half way down thy mast, O flag;
 Thou mournest the loss of the Relay Cup,
 Of which for five years thou didst brag.

O well for the setter dog
 That he barks with the spaniel at play,
 O well for the Housemaster there
 That he dreams of his boat on the bay,

And the flat-footed boys stroll on
 To the Chalet up on the hill,
 And long for the sight of the vanished Cup
 Which stood on their window sill.

Slap, slap, slap,
 At the base of that House, O stream,
 And we strongly suspect the St. Francis smell
 Must cling to its Relay Team.

(with apologies to Tennyson and 'Break')

CHAPMAN HOUSE—by Smith House

I was thy inmate once, thou rugged pile!
 Fourteen long terms I dwelt beside that field;
 I saw thee every day, and all the while
 Thy frame was resting on a shiny shield.

So chipped the paint, so old the horses' lair!
 So like, so very like, was neigh to neigh!
 Whene'er I looked that stable still was there;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

Located in a grove of shady trees,
 A homey resting place, with sloping halls;
 No motion but the swaying roof; a breeze
 Would waft an equine odour from the stalls.

So once it was, - no longer as before;
 Thou hast submitted to a newer foe:
 The shield is gone; alas, the gold's no more;
 The Relay Cup thou hast, to soothe thy woe.

(with apologies to Wordsworth and 'Elegiac Stanzas')

SCHOOL HOUSE—by Williams House

I will arise and go now, for School House is for me,
 And a small study have there, for a Sixth Former made;
 Nine Dorms of boys I'll run there, a Head Boy will I be,
 And live in style, by the boys obeyed.

But I shall have no peace there, for tape-recordings flow,
 Booming from the walls of D Dorm, as loud the cowboy
 sings,
 And B Dorm knocks the plaster upon the heads below,
 And evening's full of the batlet's wings.

I will arise and go now, and study night and day,
 With three pianos playing, a march on every floor,
 With stamping down the stairway, and shouting all the
 way,
 And hearkening to the long hall's roar.

(with apologies to Yeats and 'The Lake Isle')

WILLIAMS HOUSE—by School House

The Prep-bell tolls the knell of talk and play,
 And Williams House all at their desks must be;
 The Pilgrim onward plots his weary way,
 And hands the heavier stones to Mr. G.

Full many a drop of academic sweat
 Anoints the flags as they in place are put,
 With pause for many a far-held cigarette,
 And curses for a stone that crushed a foot.

Let not the other Houses mock their toil,
 As they their flagstone terrace slow prepare;
 For unblest feet have worn their grass to soil
 When those who ran to breakfast hurried there.

The sneer of Chapman House, the snort of Smith—
 Whatever wits of School House may it call—
 Whatever name you may describe it with—
 It is a 'crazy pavement', after all.

(with apologies to Gray and his 'Elegy')

THE PREP



B.C.S. PREPARATORY SCHOOL SOCCER

Back Row: H. SENIOR, ESQ., B. GILLESPIE, D. PATRIQUIN, G. LATTER, W. HAND, M. HARRIS, W. CRAWFORD, COL. E. G. BRINE.
Front Row: V. MILLS, D. McENTYRE, J. CLARKE, (Capt.), D. McLERNON, K. JAMIESON, H. PRESCOTT.

THIS YEAR'S SOCCER

Although the Prep lost the Wanstall Cup to Selwyn House, our team made a very good effort. This year's team included J. Clarke as captain playing left inside; K. Jamieson playing right wing with H. Prescott the left wing; W. Crawford inside right, D. McLernon centre forward; V. Mills right half with M. Harris left half. The team's centre half back was D. McEntyre. D. Patriquin played left defence and B. Hand right defence with G. Latter in goal. B. Gillespie was our 12th man and Mr. H. Senior our coach.

We played six games—lost 3, won 1, and tied 2. The most important games were with Selwyn House. The

Prep lost 2—1 and 1—0 to the excellent team from Selwyn House. McEntyre scored for the Prep.

In the two exhibition games with the Upper School, we were tied once and were beaten 4—0.

However, the Prep team's games against Stanstead were more successful for the Prep. We tied the first game and won the second game at Stanstead 3—0. Goals were scored by Crawford, Mills and Prescott.

The Prep was sorry not to have been able to play Compton this year, owing to Measles Quarantine.

Colours were awarded to Clarke, McLernon, Jamieson and McEntyre.



B.C.S. PREPARATORY SCHOOL "IROQUOIS" HOCKEY TEAM

(Eastern Townships Pee Wee Champions)

Back Row: B. GILLESPIE, W. WEBSTER, C. KENNY, M. HARRIS, COL. E. G. BRINE, W. CRAWFORD, P. SHAUGHNESSY, J. HARRIS.
Front: H. CARTER, D. McLERNON, A. CHRISTENSEN, (Capt.), V. MILLS, K. JAMIESON, W. MITCHELL, P. JESSOP.

HOCKEY

The hockey season was somewhat better than those of the last three years. First of all, the Iroquois coached by Col. Brine won the Eastern Townships Championship. They won all their games by 7 or more goals and were scored against only once. The First Prep Team coached by M. Wilson played against Selwyn House for the Adelard Raymond Trophy which they won, and they played against Lower Canada College twice.

The First Prep Team went to Montreal on Feb. 3rd where they played L.C.C. Saturday morning. Before the game while we were practising on the ice, Victor Mills, our goalie, was hurt, and was not able to play that game. It was a close game, 5-4 for L.C.C. On Monday we played Selwyn House. We got off to a good start with a three-goal lead, but they tied the score to three all at the end of the game. When L.C.C. came to B.C.S., we scored in the first period and they scored in the third to tie the game. The following Saturday, Selwyn House came here and were defeated by a 4-1 score.

The Iroquois were extremely good this season. In our first game against the Optimists of Sherbrooke, we won 7-1. Our second game against the same team ended with a score of 11-0. The third game against Lennoxville High we won 8-0. We beat this team again 7-0. In the two semi-final games against the Optimists, we won 12-0 and 5-0. Since we were in the finals we needed to practise against a stronger team outside our league so we played East Angus. We won the first game 4-0, so they strengthened their team. We lost the next game 5-2 and then the next we lost 6-4. When the finals came, we played at the Border Arena in Beebe against the Sacred Heart Team of Stanstead and won 6-0.

The Senecas coached by Mr. Senior were entered in the Bantam League. They played two games against Lennoxville High, losing by scores of 3-2 and 7-1. They lost two games to Sherbrooke, 7-1 and 7-0.



B.C.S. PREPARATORY SCHOOL "SENECAS" HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: J. BELL, J. PATTON, G. LATTER, F. BLAKELY, G. WILSON, ESQ., F. BROWN, P. ASHWORTH, E. VON COLDITZ.
Front: McB. YUILE, W. RYAN, W. HAND, (Capt.), H. PRESCOTT, D. PATRIQUIN, D. McENTYRE, J. CLARKE.



B.C.S. PREPARATORY SCHOOL "MICMACS" HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: J. STOVEL, P. HUTCHINS, J. STEVENSON, M. ROWAT, H. SENIOR, ESQ., R. FOWLER, K. RICE, M. BRADLEY, J. SHARP.
Front: P. CRAWFORD, J. PIRIE, T. PIRIE, (Capt.), I. RANKIN, W. HANSON, R. BROWN, B. MACDONALD.



B.C.S. PREPARATORY SCHOOL SKI TEAM

J. PATTON, W. WEBSTER, McB. YUILE, J. CLARKE, D. McENTYRE, K. JAMIESON, E. VON COLDITZ, P. R. DAVIES, Esq.

SKIING

This year's ski team was under the direction of Mr. P. Davies. We had four cross-country runs during the term. They were won by B. Yuile, with E. von Colditz second in the all-over average.

On March 7th, 11 boys went to Hillcrest for the downhill and slalom races. D. McEntyre came first in the downhill with J. Clarke in second place, five seconds short of McEntyre.

For the slalom, a difficult course was set up. J. Clarke came in first, with McEntyre and Yuile tying for second place. This year the Whittall Trophy was awarded to Clarke, captain of the team. Other members of the team were Yuile, McEntyre, Webster, Jamieson, von Colditz and Patton.

BOXING

Boxing—a very good sport to learn—took place at B.C.S. Prep in the second term. For the first week, we practised how to defend ourselves and other points in boxing. This was directed by Captain Abbott, our gym instructor. The next week, Captain Abbott weighed us and divided us into weights—feather-weight, fly-weight, bantam-weight, middle-weight, and heavy-weight.

March 17th was the day for the semi-finals in which 40 boys competed. Nine boys entered the finals. James Bellm won the heavy-weight championship, while Wayne Crawford captured the middle-weight championship and James Clarke, the Bantam-weight.



B.C.S. PREPARATORY SCHOOL CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: COL. BRINE, A. CHRISTENSEN, F. BROWN, G. LATTER, J. BELL, B. GILLESPIE, W. CRAWFORD, M. YUILE, P. R. DAVIES, ESQ.
Front Row: D. ABBOTT, M. HARRIS, W. HAND, (Vice-Capt.), J. CLARKE, (Capt.), D. McENTYRE, W. MITCHELL

TWO NEW SPORTS

This year two new sports were introduced in the Prep—fencing and archery. About 11 boys take fencing once or twice a week from Mr. Senior. In the club are R. Fowler, Captain, B. MacDonald, H. Prescott, assistants. These boys took fencing for two terms and competed in a tournament which was won by Prescott. Other boys in the club are W. Webster, J. Patton, J. Stovel, K. Moyle, D. Patriquin, M. Doheny, W. Hanson. They can do suitable lunges and sixth and fourth parries.

Fencing develops muscles and helps you to think fast and is good for your eyes so I think fencing will be in the Prep for many years.

Archery started in the summer season. Col. Brine bought a bale of straw which we could use for a back for the target. Every fine afternoon we go out with Mr. Senior to shoot. In the club are J. Patton, F. Blakely, R. Fowler, W. Webster, G. Latter and E. von Colditz.

R. FOWLER (Form)



ACADEMIC PRIZES THANKSGIVING

Remove: 1st General Proficiency, 1st, M. AYRE; 2nd, G. GAY; 3rd, J. CARROLL; 4th, S. SETLAKWE; 5th, W. WATSON; 6th, C. HOWARD.

Form II: 1st General Proficiency, 1st, R. STAINFORTH; 2nd, D. PATRIQUIN; 3rd, R. YUILE.

Form I: 1st General Proficiency, 1st, R. MACDONALD; 2nd, C. WEBSTER; 3rd, M. HARRIS.

Shell: 1st General Proficiency, 1st, M. ROWAT; 2nd, I. RANKIN.

Reading Prize, C. HOWARD; Boswell Writing Prize, J. KILGOUR; Kyrtis Medal, M. AYRE.

PREP NEW BOYS, 1955-56

J. Bellm, St. Johns, Que., F. Blakely, Westmount, M. Bradley, Montreal, H. Carter, Quebec, E. von Colditz, Town of Mount Royal, W. Crawford, P. Crawford, Minto, N.B., H. Doheny, Lennoxville, Que., R. Fowler, Westmount, B. Gillespie, Westmount, W. Hanson, Lennoxville, Que., P. Hutchins, Pembroke, Ont., P. Jessop, Quebec, S. Khazzam, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, G. Latter, Montreal, D. McEntyre, Westmount, V. Mills, Westmount, K. Moyle, San Juan, Puerto Rico, D. Patriquin, Lennoxville, Que., P. Shaughnessy, Westmount, J. Stevenson, St. Lambert, Que., J. Stovel, Noranda, Que.

Seven of the above are sons of Old Boys.

A YEAR AT B.C.S. PREP

Leaving the country in which you have lived for more than twenty years to take a post abroad is a novel and exciting experience. But the difficulties and necessary processes of readjustments are made much easier in such a hospitable country as Canada, and at a school like B.C.S. where patient and considerate help are kindly shown to a newcomer.

Life in a boarding school is the life of a small and closely knit community where boys and staff have the opportunity to get to know each other as they should. The size of B.C.S. Prep. makes this one of its greatest advantages; we all share the same buildings, meals and community life together. Boys can feel free to speak to the staff in their rooms at almost any time, and the masters can take an interest in the boys' pursuits not only in the classrooms, but also in the library, common room, arts and handicrafts room or wherever else they may be found in their spare time.

This close association continues on the playing fields. The divisions of the school into teams and creases for games makes it probable that most of the staff are connected in some way with a term's sport. On the occasion of a local trip away for a team to meet their opponents, we all board a bus and go with the team to support them from the touch line; as when we saw the soccer team beat Stanstead and the Iroquois hockey team win the Eastern Townships Pee Wee League at Rock Island. Such trips do much for the morale and spirit of the Prep.

On half holidays and in other spare moments we often see huts in the process of construction in the woods. The boys take a pride in their natural ability to create for themselves with wood and nails. A great deal of work, albeit spasmodic, is put into these huts, and some are

worthy of more attention than they receive. It seems unfortunate that there are no proper facilities in the school for encouraging this creative ability indoors; for building model aeroplanes and ships, and for elementary carpentry.

Perhaps the most noticeable factor of being a master in the Prep. is the varied nature of the duties to perform. Apart from the schoolwork and outdoor games, there are occasional boxing bouts to be organised and refereed on a winter Sunday evening, the continual clamour for stories by the dormitories at night, and, most important of all, having to do with 48 boys at an impressionable age, who, though outwardly similar in many respects, are in reality as different as the colours in a kaleidoscope. It is a full and busy life: but who would have it otherwise? For idleness breeds discontent.

On the trips which are made to local places for sport, whether to Hillcrest for skiing or Rock Island for hockey, it is interesting to meet a cross section of the Canadian people. They are seen at their best and at their worst; and so someone from another country is enabled better to understand the country and the people who live in it.

I am the son of the headmaster of a private school in England (an English Public School), and I have wanted to teach for many years, but I never considered the possibility of teaching in a Prep. school. This year has shown me my mistake, for the enjoyment and experience I have gained are more than I can express. I am genuinely sorry to leave B.C.S. Prep. and grateful that it may have opened up a new field in teaching for me in the future, after I have been ordained.

P. R. D.

OUR TRIP TO HILLCREST

This year we went to Hillcrest by bus. It was a lovely day for skiing. As soon as we arrived, we all skied to Tow No. 1 where some of the masters helped the boys who had never gone up tows before. Most of the morning we used No. 1 Tow, but later the Poma-Lift was started. It is a new chair lift which takes you to the top of the mountain and you can take any of the trails down.

After a very good lunch at 12.30, we put on our skis again and kept at it until 4.30. We had no accidents except for one sprained ankle and a broken ski. After having a wonderful day, we got into the bus and returned to the Prep.

A. CHRISTENSEN (Remove)

SUGARING-OFF PARTY

This year's sugaring-off party was my first experience of one. We went in a bus to North Hatley and then walked about half a mile until we came to a small clearing in the woods. There was a little hut where they were boiling the sap. Quite a number of tables were in the clearing with snow on them, and a great deal of mud around them. We were given wooden spoons with which to eat the syrup. It was so sweet, I ate only a little.

It was soon time for us to return to the Prep. First we had to have the mud washed off our boots and then we got into the bus and came back.

BROWN III (Form I)

THE BICYCLE TRIP

On the morning of last May 24th, we all got up excitedly. It was the day for our bicycle trip to a little river. After breakfast we got everything ready and were waiting for the rented bicycles to come from Lennoxville when it got very cloudy. I heard Col. Brine say "If this keeps up, we may not be able to go." My heart came up to my mouth. But all turned out well. The bicycles came and we were off,

Just as we were leaving Lennoxville, David Tomlinson hit a railway track and fell off his bicycle. He soon recovered and we were on our way again. When we reached Huntingville, a little town with a dam and saw-mill, some boys gave their bicycles to the boys who had come half way in Col. Brine's car, as there were not enough bicycles to go around. Then we went farther to a store where we bought soda pop. Just as we were about to leave, a

down-pour held us up a few minutes. Soon however, we reached the river and although we were all tired, we went for a swim and then explored. Lunch came next—one cheese sandwich, one ham, one egg, cookies and our pop.

After lunch we played in the river where Miller Ayre caught a trout in a milk bottle. Later we went swimming again but just as we were coming out, another down-pour came. It didn't last long and by the time it stopped, we were ready to leave. All went well except that Kenneth Rice hit the same railroad track where Tomlinson had tripped.

It wasn't long after that till we were back at the Prep. Everyone was cold and wet, and we were all glad to be back.

W. RYAN (Remove)



PREP WRITERS' PAGES

I FOUND ATLANTIS

The man I am going to tell you about is a bold, fair-haired man called Mac. He is a man who can never stand still—always ambitious. I first met Professor MacDonald by the sea shore. He was reading a book and looked very serious. The first time he looked at me he blinked and his face went into a wondering look. He hesitated. Then asked me if I wanted a job. I asked him what kind of a job. He told me a diver. I said, I didn't know anything about diving. He replied, "Oh, I mean in a bathoroke." He told me this was a sort of bell in which the diver would stand and descend to unknown depths of the sea. He told me that he was diving for Atlantis, so I accepted the offer.

Next morning I met the Professor (whom we called Mac) and we went to the ship. It was a small 500-tonner. On deck there was a big bell-shaped thing which was called the bell for short. I was led into a cabin where the Professor introduced me to a big black-haired man called Captain Dan. After the Professor told the story of our meeting, Captain Dan made me sign a big log book so that I became a member of the crew.

We set off on our trip next day. The voyage was unexciting until the mid-Atlantic was reached. We decided to test the bell in deep water. Mac and I had the first try. I was fascinated with the fish and sharks we saw. When we reached the bottom we hit an undersea mountain with such a wallop that it sent us whirling across the floor and gave me a bump that I will never forget. Quickly we looked out the porthole. I could hardly believe what I saw. There were great clouds of mud hundreds of feet high. We had started an undersea avalanche. Frantically we signalled to be hoisted up and breathed freely only when we saw the deck of the ship appear.

Three more days' travel brought us to our destination. Off the coast of Spain, we boarded the bell, Mac and I. Down we went, 100 - 200 - 300 feet, with the sea getting darker all the time. Suddenly we saw two big sharks, 11 or 12 feet long, roar past us. Meanwhile we reached a depth of two miles. Mac said that was the limit for today. We'd better get back to surface. Suddenly we saw a figure like a man. It moved across our window and as soon as it saw us, it scooted. Immediately we tugged at our cord and were pulled up.

Next day we went down again, only this time with Captain Dan so that there was Mac and Dan and me. Down we went, two miles, three miles—we stopped suddenly. Sharks again. One roared past us, another scraped our cable and the rope snapped. Down we went tumbling over and over. If it was not in water, we would not have survived. Soon we hit the side of an undersea mountain and bounced down its side until we rolled to a dead stop.

We talked the situation over and decided to think things over first. Suddenly we saw big green fish-like creatures that looked oddly like men. They pushed the bell head over heels into a huge air bubble. We wondered what to do. There was no air outside and not enough to last inside. We had to get out fast. First we removed the side plating through the middle. The outer piece was the hardest. We could not remove the bolts. The air was getting thinner. Then all together we gave a heave. The plate gave and a great hissing sound rushed past us as the air burst in. Soon we got out and looked around. There we were underneath the sea in an air bubble. We saw some strange creatures behind us so we ran to the other side where there was a cave. The creatures chased us until we ran inside. We picked up stones to throw at them but it was no use. They kept coming. Suddenly we saw a beautiful island surrounded by a river about 15 feet wide. On the other side was a man. The sea monsters were still behind us and we could not find anywhere to hide.

"Jump the river," cried the man.

Our fright added wings to our jump and we landed safely on the other side.

"You are the only men from the world above who have visited us. Since you are our descendants, you are welcome," said the man.

We lived there at Atlantis for five months, but we felt we must get out somehow. We asked the leaders for advice.

"Many years ago we tried to reach the upper world, but we never succeeded. There is a huge boulder blocking the way," the leaders said.

We decided we must try. We sneaked back to the bell for a big box of dynamite. Then we raced back to the cave. We crawled up the tunnel and stuck the dynamite

under the boulder. Mac lit the dynamite and BOOM—the boulder came loose, roaring down the tunnel closer and closer. Suddenly Mac saw a light above. We clung to the sides of the tunnel and inched our way just as the boulder roared past us.

We ran for freedom on the top of the small island and in an hour or two we were picked up by some surprised fishermen, but we never told of our adventures.

J. F. PATTON, (Form II)

CANADA

Rise up, O Canada,
O ye wondrous nation,
Ye have a glory to bestow
Within your congregation.
All thy valleys and thy hills
And thy golden daffodils
With the prancing of the deer
Show thy wild call is here.
All thy allies and thy friends—
They all helped thee to begin,
And with the wondrous help of God
We shall be worthy of this sod.

B. GILLESPIE, (Remove)

SPRING

This is the story of spring,
When the birds return by wing:
This is a busy time,
When songs begin to chime.
This is the time when the leaves turn green
Where during winter no leaves have been:
This is the time of lovely flowers,
When bees take honey to their bowers.
This is when the robin's wing
Takes him to his perch to sing.
And that's my story of the spring,
When the birds return to sing.

R. MACDONALD, (Form II)

LOST

When reading in some books, you find that being lost is a gay adventure, but not so with Tom Smith. To him it was just an experience he didn't want to go through again.

Tom Smith reported to his boss at a small lumber camp in Quebec. He was told to take a message by the mountain trail to a small mine research camp. He was new in the camp and had been over the trail only once. It was a thirty mile walk.

With enough food for one meal, he left. He had walked five miles when he came to what he thought was a fork in the trail. He reached into his pocket for the map. It was gone! Tom had left it at the camp. There was no time now to turn back. He took what he thought was the right path, but after three miles trudging, the trail faded out. He was lost. He tried to back-track, but only

ended up where he started. Tom was now dizzy, uncomfortable and nervous. He had a small meal and bedded down.

Next morning he had some wild berries and walked on. Late in the day he sighted a bunch of burnt trees. He knew these trees and that a brook ran nearby. Later he reached the brook and drank some water. Then he bedded down. When morning came, Tom followed the brook and by night he reached a river which he thought was the Moise River. The lumber camp was up that river.

Next morning he plodded up the river. Late that night, he saw the lights of the lumber camp and a wonderful feeling came over him. Tom staggered to the camp. The long trek was over.

D. PATRIQUIN, (Remove)

THE SEA

I'll never go to sea again a-temptin' Davy Jones,
I'm still a-hearin' sharks awaitin' in my bones.
I'd love to be a-board a ship a-headin' for the shore,
But now I'm headin' out to sea, just thinkin' o' the shore.

W. HAND, (Remove)

SPRING

O Spring, how I love you,
When the grass is green,
When everything is fresh,
O! Tis a lovely scene.

J. D. PATRIQUIN, (Shell)

THE DRUMMER BOY

The story takes place in the year 1781 in the late part of November. The sun was shining brightly and there was a little snow on the ground. The British had a small camp about 25 miles east of Fort Calain. It was in their interests to capture the fort, for it had been the key to all the others. They were now planning to attack it. Plans were being drawn up in the Commander's tent.

Meanwhile, a drummer called Philip was wandering around. He saw a messenger come into the camp and go to the Commander's tent. Philip was a boy of 16 who had come from England about a month earlier. Already there had been one attack on the fort in which Philip was nearly killed by an American officer. Fortunately his youth had saved him and the officer hid him in an empty keg. Shortly afterwards he escaped back to the camp.

Philip decided he would listen to the plans the Commander and officers were making. He hid behind the tent and listened. This is what he heard. They were to capture a platoon of American soldiers heading to the fort next morning. They would then take their coats and head for Fort Calain. Philip went back to his duties.

While he was doing them, he remembered how he was saved by the American. He then decided to warn them.

It was about midnight when he started. It was a fine night but the ground and air were cold. After going about 15 miles, he put his ear to the ground to listen. He heard footsteps and knew he was being followed. He got to his feet and ran until he was out of breath. As he was running, he tripped over a log and sprained his ankle. Then he had to crawl on his hands and knees.

It was about ten a.m. before he came in sight of the fort. He was half dead when he came to the gates. They were opened to him and soldiers rushed out to pick him up and take him to the major. Philip told him his story, warning him that the Redcoats were not more than six miles away. The major thought it was a trick, but Philip kept protesting, so that at last he gave in. He ordered an officer to direct the company to their posts.

Very soon the Redcoats came to capture the fort. It was a swift battle and Fort Calain was saved. Philip was the hero of the day. He had really saved the Americans to help them win the war.

W. WEBSTER, (Form II)

AUTUMN

Autumn is a pretty time when the leaves begin to fall.
Up on the mountains the leaves are many colours on the
maple trees.

The grass begins to turn brown, and frosts come.
People begin to rake the leaves off the grass, and the
flowers die.

Birds begin to fly away for the winter.

All these things happen in autumn.

K. RICE (Shell)

SUMMER

Parents are joyful,
Children are gay,
Everyone is happy
In sweet-smelling May.
Birds are a chirping,
Singing their tune,
When summer is coming
In flower-blooming June.

H. CARTER, (Form II)

GOLD DUST

This story is about three boys named Hugh, John and Frank, aged about 17, who went to a village on a little lake in Alaska for the summer holidays. It was a gold-mining town. The boys became sick of hanging around the village, watching and helping the miners so they tried to think what they wanted to do. They decided to ask the boss at the mine for a job, and he hired them. There were two other men helping the boys in this job. They became friendly, but the two other men were crooks.

One day Frank saw one of the crooks take some gold dust and put it in a very small bag that he put under his tongue. He could still talk without being found out. Frank told the guards to pat this man on the back so that he would cough and spit out the bag. That day,

however, the man gave the gold to his friend so that the guard was deceived.

The next day the men did the same thing, but this time the guard slapped both men on the back and one of them spat out the little bag. He grabbed it quickly and raced to his car, with his friend following.

The boys, who were nearby, ran after them but the crooks escaped. The three boys jumped in their little car and followed. The men went to their homes, grabbed their clothes and the gold, and then drove away as fast as they could. The boys caught up to them when they stopped at a restaurant for food. The boys put the men in their car, tied them up and took them to court. After the trial, they were sentenced to life imprisonment.

W. MITCHELL, (Form I)

TELEVISION

Some people like Television and some people don't,
Some people will watch it and some people won't;
But me, I'm as carefree as a bird on the tree,
And my favourite past-time is watching T.V.

Whenever you're drowsy and feeling downhearted,
You should look in the guide where the programmes are
charted,
Then turn on the set when a programme is good,
And you'll find at the end you're in a fine mood.

When I'm out of school and on my way home,
I'll dream of the T.V. I'll watch on my own,
When the holidays come and I'm out of school,
I'll watch so much T.V. they'll think I'm a fool.

V. MILLS, (Remove)

THE SEA

The sea is a strange thing
From the top where the gulls sing,
To the bottom of the strange sea
Where all is quiet and free.

But sometimes the sea is frantic
In both Pacific and Atlantic,
On a rainy blowy day
The ships rock and sway.

Yet the sea I love to roam
Riding on the top of foam,
With the wind blowing in my ears,
And having done with landly fears.

D. PATRIQUIN, (Remove)

TRAVELLING IN THE DESERT

Once my family and I were planning to cross the desert on camels. The camels were called Hassan and Abdala. Hassan was the elder. I rode with my mother on Abdala while my father and sister rode on Hassan. The story begins when we were arriving at a town that had been buried by a sandstorm a thousand years ago. The sand was blown off gradually by winds. This familiar town looked to me very spooky. Thank goodness it wasn't. It had many skeletons which frightened me, for I was the youngest. It was pleasant after a while so we decided to sleep in the house. Around midnight I heard steps moving away. I was about to awaken my father. Then I said to myself, 'It must be the wind blowing rocks about.'

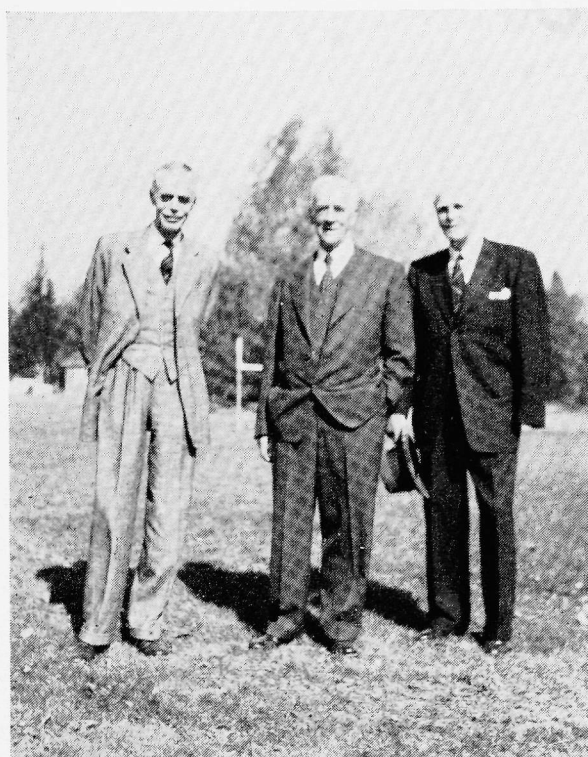
In the morning we discovered that Abdala had disappeared into the desert. We looked everywhere, but

couldn't see a soul. I thought there would be some tracks to follow, but the wind had blown them away. The problem was to find the camel. Most of the food supplies were on the young camel. The other one had the water and some food. Three more days until we would reach Iraq where our home was. We were running out of water and food. I was hungry and thirsty. So was my family. In the distance we saw Basra, a city in Arabia. I saw an iron snake—one of the most poisonous snakes in the world. It's about a foot long. As we looked beyond the horizon, we saw Abdala, the camel. So we hurried to get him. He was about to drink some poisonous water which would have killed him. After travelling a while, we saw my native town, Iraq. So we arrived and all was well.

S. KHAZZAM, (Form II)



OLD BOYS



E. FRASER-CAMPBELL ('97-'02), London, England,
A. FRASER-CAMPBELL ('97-'03), Greenwich, Conn., and
R. MEREDITH ('98-'00), Quebec,
who met at the School at Thanksgiving, 1955.

B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

The Directors of the Association again wish to thank all Old Boys for their generous and loyal support throughout the past year which has been so successful.

All Old Boys gratefully express their appreciation to J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39), President of the Association for the past three years, for his untiring efforts—notably in taking a leading role in providing the School with Squash Courts—in furthering the aims and ideals of the Association. That the Life Membership stands at an all-time high, and that the finances of the Association are in a healthy state, are evidences of the leadership he provided. His loyalty and continuing interest in the welfare of the School are most commendable and we take this opportunity of expressing our appreciation of his efforts on behalf of the Association and of the School.

The 25th anniversary Meeting and Dinner of the Old Boys' Association, revived in 1931 under the leadership of T. H. P. Molson ('16-'18), H. C. MacDougall ('16-'22) and G. H. Cook ('14-'17), took place at the Montreal Club on March 1st. It was encouraging to note the great number of younger Old Boys present and the enthusiasm they expressed for the welfare of the Association and the School. It was decided to hold the annual Meeting and Dinner next year on a Friday and during the fall—the exact date to be determined by the Association executive. A hearty vote of thanks was extended the retiring President, J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39), and the Directors for their accomplishments of the past year. The Dinner was held immediately after the Meeting. Seated at the Head Table were: Col. C. G. M. Grier, the former Headmaster, the guest of honour; Mr. Justice Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26) Chairman of the Board of School Directors; C. L. O. Glass ('28-'32), the Headmaster; T. H. P. Molson ('16-'18), the 1st President of the Association revived in 1931; Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22); C. M. Drury ('25-'29). Mr. Justice Mitchell proposed the toast to the School and expressed the School's good fortune in having three consecutive Headmasters of the calibre of Dr. Smith, Col. Grier and Mr. Glass. J. Churchill-Smith handed over the chairmanship to P. McEntyre who introduced the Guest Speaker. Before Col. Grier could begin his speech, the Old Boys rose as one and gave him a standing ovation expressing with lengthy applause their appreciation of all that he had accomplished for them and for the School. Then followed an address long to be remembered by those present. Humour, wit, pathos, the serious and the ridiculous—all were skilfully blended to revive the 19 year period during which the speaker had been Headmaster. Elsewhere in the Old Boys' section of this Magazine will be found the speech he delivered. The Headmaster,

in thanking Col. Grier, stated that like so many others present he had always admired and respected the former Headmaster but never more so than while listening to his address. He then gave a résumé of the activities of the School during the past year, showing that the encouragement of an energetic Board of Directors, the hard work of a loyal staff and the efforts of the boys themselves had all contributed in maintaining the high standard in work and sports associated with the School's name.

We were pleased to see C. H. Pigot ('16-'19) present at the Meeting and Dinner for the first time since he left the School.

CONGRATULATIONS

G. N. Moseley ('18-'23) was appointed in mid-November General Sales Manager of Sliporex Ltd., subsidiary of Dominion Tar & Chemical Co. A graduate in architecture from the University of Pennsylvania, a former member of the P.Q.A.A. and the R.A.I.C., he has been associated for the past 19 years with A. Murray & Co., latterly as manager of its Montreal branch. He is a Director of the Montreal Builders' Exchange. His headquarters will be in Montreal.

J. W. Moreland ('34-'39) was named in November Regional Group Manager for the Sun Life Assurance Co. of Canada at Montreal. He has been with the company since 1946, and for the past four years has been the district group manager here.

J. Basset, jr. ('29-'33), Chairman and Publisher of the Toronto Telegram, spoke in French at the annual dinner of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews, held at the Mount Royal Hotel, Montreal, on Nov. 21. He appealed to all Canadians to fight intolerance and prejudice.

Noel Mostert, in his New York column which appeared in the Montreal Star on Nov. 23, wrote an interesting article on David Atkinson's stage career to date. Atkinson, a baritone, is playing the featured role opposite Carol Channing in the musical, *The Vamp*. He was at the School from '34-'39.

R. H. Price ('06-'10), Vice-President of Price Brothers Paper Sales Corp., was appointed Director of Quebec Fire Insurance Co. at the end of November.

T. I. Porteous ('46-'50), 2nd year Law at McGill, was one of six Canadian University students chosen to represent Canada at the Students' Conference on United States Affairs, held at West Point, December 1-4. Re-

representatives from Queen's University of Toronto, Carleton College, University of Montreal and McGill met with those from some 60 colleges of the Eastern part of North America.

T. H. P. Molson ('16-'18), Chairman of the Board of Molson's Brewery Ltd., was appointed a Director of the Royal Trust Co. in December.

Dr. T. G. Henderson ('19-'22), formerly associate professor of philosophy at McGill University, was promoted to the rank of full professor on Dec. 21. He has been chairman of the department since 1953.

Capt. Ian MacLean ('31-'38) was promoted on Jan. 12 to the rank of Major and appointed second-in-command of the 6th Duke of Connaught's Royal Canadian Hussars.

Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22), early in January, was named President of the Montreal General Hospital and T. H. P. Molson ('16-'18) second Vice-President.

E. R. Boothroyd ('26-'35) was elected early in the year a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Rev. E. W. Hutchison ('35-'37), B.A., B.D., who graduated early in 1955 from the Union Theological Seminary, New York, was ordained in December by the Bishop of New York. He is now curate at the Episcopal Church of the Epiphany, New York.

G. G. Ryan ('15-'17), O.B.E., was elected in February a Director of the Continental Life Insurance Co. He is President of L. G. Beaubien & Co., Ltd.

S. I. Lyman ('33-'36) was elected in mid-February a Director of Stevenson & Kellog Ltd., management consulting firm.

E. Whitehead ('42-'49) in February became a partner in the E. A. Whitehead Co., Insurance Brokers.

P. L. MacDougall ('22-'32) succeeded E. J. Thom as manager of pulp sales for Howard Smith Paper Mills, Ltd., in March.

At the annual awards Banquet, held at McGill in March, among the 19 students honoured was T. I. Porteous ('46-'50), President of the Debating Union.

J. Gallop ('51-'54) was elected Vice-President of the Bishop's University Students' Executive Council for the year 1956-57.

D. K. Stirling ('50-'54) was among the 51 cadets of HMCS Venture, Esquimalt, B.C., who qualified for flying training during the two year course at Venture. From there, they go to advanced instruction at Pensacola, Florida, under an agreement between the R.C.N. and the U.S.N.

W. Doheny ('30-'38) was appointed a director and elected secretary-treasurer of the Province of Quebec Association for the protection of Fish and Game at the end of March.

G. G. Ryan ('15-'17), O.B.E., was elected a director of Canada Crushed and Cut Stone, Ltd., in April.

J. Bassett, jr. ('29-'33), Chairman and Publisher of the Toronto Telegram, was elected President of the Canadian Daily Newspaper Publishers' Association in April.

J. T. Ross ('44-'48) was elected in May Vice-President of Robert Lawrence Productions (Canada) Ltd. The company produces television and industrial motion pictures in Canada.

P. T. Molson ('35-'38) has been appointed to head the territorial division in this Fall's Red Feather campaign in Montreal. He serves on the budget committee of Welfare Federation.

Brig. H. E. T. Doucet ('23-'25), O.B.E., E.D., was appointed a director of the National Defence College in June. He has recently served in Indo-China as military advisor to the Canadian Commissioner in Cambodia.

D. R. McMaster, Q.C., Director of the School, was elected in May a Director of Crane Co., Ltd., Montreal.

With full military pomp and ceremony, the 1st Battalion P.P.C.L.I. carried out the impressive ritual of trooping the color before its regimental founder Brig. A. H. Gault ('95-'97) at Fort MacLeod, Hemer, Western Germany, on May 15, and in presence, for the first time, of several German officers and men of the newly-formed German Army. During the first World War the P.P.C.L.I. had the distinction of being the only unit among the British forces to carry its colors in every action, and during the Korean campaign, a 2nd battalion of the P.P.C.L.I. became the first and only Canadian unit to win a United States Presidential citation. The citation was awarded for the Patricia's stand against the Chinese hordes at Kaypyong in 1951. Brig. Gault formed the Patricias in August 1914 and donated \$100,000 towards organizing and equipping them.

ENGAGEMENT

A. J. O'Meara ('18-'24) to Miss M. Adamus, Craik, Sask. The wedding is to take place in the fall.

WEDDINGS

M. Lucas ('46-'51) to Miss J. Mackinnon in Montreal, Dec. 27.

M. A. Byers ('33-'37) to Miss E. Clark in Montreal, Jan. 4. P. Barott ('34-'36) was best man and R. Peck ('33-'36) one of the ushers.

P. M. Romer ('48-'53) to Miss J. Wray in Montreal, Mar. 10. R. Hart ('44-'53), J. Cameron ('48-'54), R. Southward ('51-'53) were ushers.

H. E. C. Federer ('41-'42) to Mrs. F. Hardy, widow of F. P. Hardy, in Brockville, Ont., Mar. 15.

R. C. McMichael ('39-'45) to Miss M. Carman, sister of R. Carman ('45-'47) in Westmount, April 14.

D. G. Turnbull ('44-'51) to Miss C. Haslett, at Ste. Marguerite, P.Q., June 29.

J. A. H. Allan ('43-'45) to Miss P. Trenholme, in Montreal, May 25.

T. E. Price ('44-'48) to Miss K. Perry in Hampstead on May 11. Best man was Derek Price ('46-'50) and ushers were: H. L. Price ('42-'46); Peter Price ('48-'54); H. M. MacDougall ('42-'47); D. McMaster ('45-'48); J. W. Price ('40-'45); E. LeMessurier ('44-'48).

E. M. Bronfman ('43-'45) to Miss B. Chertkow, in Saskatoon, June 10.

D. R. Huggett ('40-'47) to Miss M. Dorrian, in Montreal, June 30.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Smith ('39-'44), a daughter, in Ottawa, November 2.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Bronfman ('44-'46), a daughter, in Montreal, November 4.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Magor ('45-'47), a son, in Montreal, November 10.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Winsor ('36-'37), a daughter, in Ottawa, November 20.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Huggett ('37-'43), a daughter, in Montreal, December 10.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Spafford ('34-'39), a daughter, in Charlottesville, Va., U.S.A., December 10.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Cresswell ('43-'48), a son, in Montreal, December 18.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Churchill-Smith ('35-'39), a son, in Montreal, January 5.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Collier ('35-'40), a son, in Old Mystic, Connecticut, U.S.A., January 18.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Salter ('45-'49), a son, in Montreal, January 17.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Malcolm ('47-'49), a daughter, in Montreal, January 17.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Hallward ('40-'44), a son, in Montreal, February 7.

Mr. and Mrs. E. LeMessurier ('44-'48), a daughter, in Montreal, February 22.

Dr. and Mrs. A. R. C. Dobell ('42-'44), a daughter, in Philadelphia, February 29.

Mr. and Mrs. V. A. Murray ('37-'39), a son, in Montreal, March 1.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Hickey ('43-'46), a daughter, in Montreal, March 13.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Powis ('36-'39), a daughter, in Montreal, March 19.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Boswell ('25-'34), a daughter, in Montreal, March 26.

Mr. and Mrs. V. R. Bennett ('40-'47), a daughter, in Vancouver, April 4.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. MacDougall ('42-'47), twin daughters, in Montreal, April 4.

Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Collier ('45-'48), a son, in Montreal, April 23.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Howard ('42-'47), a daughter, in Calgary, May 4.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Reaper ('48-'50), a son, in Montreal, May 7.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Purvis ('40-'42), a daughter, in Montreal, May 10.

DEATHS

We regret to report the deaths of the following and express our sympathy:

R. H. Balfour ('88-'93), father of G. H. Balfour ('20-'26) who died in September.

The father of P. J. Aird ('41-'44) who died in November.

The father of Brig. D. K. Black ('17-'21) and G. G. Black ('24-'28) who died in January.

Col. A. T. Paterson ('04-'10) died in Montreal on January 30.

Lt. Col. C. R. H. (Dick) Porteous ('29-'32) died suddenly in Ottawa on February 9.

The father of John ('35-'39) and David ('39-'42) Churchill-Smith who died in March.

D. B. Morkill ('91-'97) died in Vancouver, B.C., on December 16 last. He was a great-great-grandson of the Rev. Lucius Doolittle, the founder of the School. In his last year at the School, Morkill was winner of the Governor-General's medal.

The father of F. Whittall ('31-'39) died in Montreal at the end of March.

R. C. S. Kaulbach, Q.C., ('84-'88) died in Lunenburg, N.S., on April 4. He was loyal member of the Old Boys' Association, being its first Life Member in 1943.

Mrs. G. Glass, mother of the Headmaster, died in Sherbrooke on May 25.

EXPRESSION OF THANKS

The School gratefully acknowledges a letter received from Mrs. R. C. S. Kaulbach in May, informing us that she wishes, during her lifetime, to continue to donate the medal for the Mile race which her late husband, R. C. S. Kaulbach ('84-'88) donated during his lifetime.

In her letter, she states that the various sports in which her husband had participated at B.C.S. were very dear memories to him and in his declining years he derived additional pleasures from the scrap books of such events compiled in younger days.

Mr. Kaulbach died on April 4th and the Lunenburg Progress - Enterprise, in its editorial, writes: "He distinguished himself scholastically at Bishop's College School and Bishop's University, and obtained his LL.B. from both Harvard Law School and Dalhousie University. He was keenly interested in sports and excelled in cricket, hockey, football, golf and figure skating, winning several medals in Switzerland for his figure skating ability. He took an active interest in community and church affairs, having served for a number of years as senior warden of St. John's Anglican Church, Lunenburg, N.S."

ITEMS OF NEWS

J. Williams ('45-'53) and J. Rider ('53-'54) were members of the Bishop's University Guard of Honour for the Remembrance Day Service held at the Lennoxville Cenotaph on November 6.

C. D. Sewell ('33-'43) visited the School at the end of October.

R. Winslow ('50-'52) played on the Macdonald College rugby team.

K. Kyrtsis ('52-'55) and J. Teare ('53-'55), both at Cornell University, visited the School on November 26-27.

Archdeacon C. G. Hepburn ('05-'08) retired as Rector of All Saints Anglican Church, Ottawa, at the end of the year. He won the M.C. in 1916 for services on the Somme. In the Second World War, he served as Chaplain with the Canadian Army in England. Upon his return to Canada, he was named principal Protestant Chaplain to the Army.

The annual Invitation Squash Tournament was held at the School on December 3-4, under the leadership of H. Hallward ('40-'44) and assisted by A. S. Fraser ('39-'45), S. Chapman, the Canadian Open Junior Tennis Champion, defeated A. Lafleur to win the tournament. M. McMaster (Sixth Form) won the consolation prize. Saturday evening, a Dinner was held at Elmwood Inn, Lennoxville, at which the players—J. Biddell, J. Spencer, L. Webster and wife, A. Lafleur, S. Chapman, H. Hallward and wife, A. S. Fraser—joined by the Headmaster, R. L. Evans, W. S. McMann, H. L. Hall, were present.

A. S. Fraser ('39-'45) left for London, England, early in January. He is with the Kitcat Aitken Company.

A picture in the Montreal Star of Dec. 14 shows Senator H. de M. Molson ('18-'24) presenting Certificates to the Top Athletic Figures who were honored at the annual awards dinner of the Quebec Branch, Amateur Athletic Union of Canada, held at the Queen's Hotel, Montreal. A picture in the same edition of the Star showed F. Whittall, jr. ('31-'39) accepting the Montreal Star Trophy on behalf of his sister, Beth Whittall.

This trophy is awarded to the outstanding woman athlete in the Province.

Lt. Col. V. Radley-Walters ('36-'37) is stationed at Camp Petawawa, Ont. He is with the HQ. 1st Canadian Infantry Division.

J. S. Cantlie ('48-'52) is at H.M.C.S. Venture, Esquimalt, B.C.

A letter from F. Morkill ('34-'43), received at the end of December, and containing pictures of the railroad in the Andes of Peru, gave some interesting news of life in that country. He says he finds life as interesting as ever, "perched at 14,200 feet at Cerro de Pasco, the principal mine for the Corporation, the highest mining operation of its size in the world." At the time of writing, he had just finished a golf competition on what is reputed to be the highest course in the world—the tee for hole 7 being 14,280 feet above sea level. The pictures he sent gave a very good idea of how vertical the terrain is, over which the railroads of Peru are operated; as Frank puts it, "One gets rather dizzy, at times, but it's a lot of fun, I can assure you." As we gaze at the pictures, we realize what an understatement this is. His address is: Cerro de Pasco Railway Company, La Oroya, Peru, S.A.

A picture in the Montreal Star of January 16th, shows John Churchill-Smith ('35-'39), President of the Canadian Squash Racquets Association, presenting trophies to Roshan Khan, of Pakistan, winner of the Canadian open title.

A letter from H. Banning Richardson ('18-'23), received in December, tells of his move from England to Canada, last August. This is his first time back in Canada, since leaving the Prep School in '23. He has joined an investment firm. He mentioned meeting two of the three Patterson brothers who were in the Prep at the same time as he.

J. Sewell ('36-'46) is lessee of an Imperial Oil Station at Baie Comeau. Ian Sewell ('33-'43) has moved to Baie Comeau from Shelter Bay. C. D. (Pete) Sewell ('33-'42) is still at Franquelin, P.Q.

A. Abbott ('45-'49) is with T. B. Little Papers, Ltd. in Montreal.

G. H. S. Mills ('37-'40) is the new general secretary of Student Christian Movement at the University of British Columbia.

Rev. E. W. Hutchison ('35-'37), B.A., B.D., was the guest preacher at the Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul, Montreal, on January 22.

The following Old Boys were down for the MacLennan Old Boys' game against the School's Hockey team on January 21: M. MacLennan ('47-'51); R. Southward ('51-'53), with the International Paper Co. Montreal; I. Soutar ('49-'53); R. Hart ('44-'53), with the Canadian Marconi Co. Montreal; T. Wheeler ('49-'52); T. Peters

('50-'54); R. Setlakwe ('43-'51); D. G. Hobart ('45-'52); J. Pratt ('48-'54); J. Trott ('47-'55); M. Ashworth ('47-'53), with the Bank of Commerce, Phillip's Square, Montreal; D. Tremble ('48-'54). After the game, the Headmaster and Mrs. Glass entertained the Old Boys and members of the Staff. Sunday morning, the above-mentioned Old Boys were present at the Chapel service.

V. Scheib ('42-'49) and L. G. Scheib ('45-'55) were present at the game. The former is with the General Footwear and La Fayette Shoe Co. Montreal.

G. Garneau ('46-'50) is with the A. E. Ames & Co. Montreal.

M. Gordon ('53-'55) visited the School on Jan. 21, and E. H. Molson ('48-'54) on January 26.

P. Bird ('44-'49) is at the University of New Brunswick.

The following Old Boys were down for the Molson-Gray Old Boys' game against the School's Hockey team on January 28: W. M. Molson ('33-'38) and wife; J. H. Gray ('45-'48); T. Price ('44-'48) and fiancée; H. Price ('42-'46) and wife; D. Price ('46-'50); H. McGee ('46-'50); J. Tyler ('42-'44) and wife; D. McMaster ('45-'48); F. Rider ('40-'48); P. Aird ('41-'44) and wife; P. Satterthwaite ('39-'45); J. H. Allan ('43-'45); D. Glassford ('44-'48); E. Lemessurier ('44-'48); A. MacFarlane ('44-'47); R. McBoyle ('40-'44). The School won the game 4-1. Also present at the game were: R. R. McLernon ('26-'30) and wife; D. Doheny ('27-'34) and wife; G. Boyd ('51-'53); V. Scheib ('42-'49); L. G. Scheib ('45-'55). After the game the Headmaster and Mrs. Glass entertained the Old Boys and members of the Staff. Sunday morning, the above-mentioned Old Boys were present at the Chapel service.

J. Ross ('44-'48) is with the Robert Lawrence Productions (Canada), Television, in Toronto.

W. Scholes ('42-'48) is with the Nesbitt-Thompson Co., Montreal.

Brig. & Mrs. G. V. Whitehead ('08-'14) entertained at their Dorval residence prior to the Royal Montreal Regiment Ball, held at the armoury on January 27, at which they were patrons and Head Table guests.

S. D. Andrews ('48-'49) is teaching at the Lake of Two Mountains High School.

R. Eakin ('49-'55) and J. Riley ('48-'55) visited the School February 4.

We are pleased to receive a letter from R. F. Davy ('87-'90) containing many interesting items. His address is 2024, Newton St., Victoria, B.C. He, H. Yeo ('88-'89), and Edwin Jarvis ('89-'93) all came to the School from Rivière du Loup, P.Q. Upon leaving the School, Mr. Davy's life was varied—practically all over Canada, engaged in exploration, engineer, railway construction and dam building work. He wound up his career on the construction of the New Dry Dock at Esquimaux, B.C., as assistant-Engineer-in-charge. He had been an engineer

for the Londonderry Iron Mines, and was in charge of Government Dams on the Upper Ottawa from 1909-21. A lake, river and bridge have all been named after him in Northern Quebec in the Abitibi district.

John Gallop ('51-'54) was responsible for the execution of Arena Night during the Winter Carnival held at Bishop's University, February 2-4. J. Pratt ('48-'54) and A. Hungerbuhler ('48-'55) took part in the skiing events held at Hillcrest. T. R. Kenny ('25-'30) and his wife and two children were present at the hockey game between the School and Deerfield Academy, played at Deerfield, Mass., on February 11. Kenny is with the Montmorency Paper Co., Inc., 400 Madison Ave., New York, 17, N.Y.

J. E. M. Stewart-Smith ('40-'44) is a student at Cambridge. His address is : 18, Mowbury Road, Cambridge, England.

P. Jekill ('42-'47) moved to Winnipeg in November, where he represents the Joseph Robb & Co. and looks after the Winnipeg Branch. He says it is a very fine territory—including ten paper mills and a number of mines. His brother, Robert ('42-'48), is still at Royal Naval College, Plymouth, England, and is a Sub-Lieutenant in the permanent R.C.N. Peter's address is: 641, Sargent Ave, Winnipeg, Man.

Lord Shaughnessy ('35-'38) and J. H. Patton ('21-'27) were in Chapel February 26.

H. Ryshpan ('48-'51) took a part in "The Trial", presented at the Gesu Theatre, Montreal, in March.

H. E. T. Doucet ('23-'25) is a Brigadier and stationed in Cambodia. His brother Lyle ('23-'28) is with the International Bank in Washington, D.C.

A. MacTier ('35-'40) is with the Standard Life, Montreal, and E. MacTier ('37-'41) is with MacDonald, Currie Co., Montreal.

J. R. D. McCurdy ('36-'41) is with the Federated Metals, Canada, Ltd., Montreal.

Sqdn. Ldr. M. F. Doyle ('37-'41) was a member of the Committee for the annual Air Defense Command Ball, held on April 13 at St. Hubert Officers' Mess.

E. Rocksborough-Smith ('21-'27) of Thomas Ditton, Surrey, England, is with the Home Office, Whitehall, and is Inspector of Probation Officers throughout the country. He is married and has two children. His brother, Selwyn, ('21-'26) who returned to Canada in 1948, is in charge of the only Borstal Institution in Canada, 'Newhaven' in Vancouver.

J. Chapman ('46-'50) had a part in the Bishop's University's production of "The Happy Time," April 12-14, and A. Hungerbuhler ('48-'55) was a member of the stage crew.

C. Stewart-Patterson ('45-'51) graduated last year with a B.A. from Trinity College, Cambridge, England. He is with the Bell Telephone Co., Montreal.

We were pleased to receive a letter from R. Cohen ('45-'49). After graduation from Princeton, he returned home to Caracas, Venezuela. He was married last October, and is with a textile firm in Caracas.

The following Old Boys who are Directors of the School were present for the Directors-Staff Dinner on April 29th and for the Directors' meeting on the 21st: The chairman, Mr. Justice Mitchell ('16-'19); '23-'26); the Vice-Chairman, R. R. McLernon ('26-'30); Col. W. W. Ogilvie ('17-'22); H. W. Davis, Q.C., ('18-'23); G. A. Sharp ('23-'28); D. Doheny ('27-'34); G. H. MacDougall ('24-'30); J. Baillie ('33-'34); P. McEntyre ('27-'35); D. R. McMaster, Q.C. and E. Webster, Directors of the School, were likewise present. Prior to the Dinner, the Headmaster and Mrs. Glass entertained the Directors and their wives and the members of the Staff and their wives at Plantation.

G. F. Dawson ('42-'50) is with the Royal Bank of Canada in Montreal.

C. Mitescu ('51-'54) visited the School on April 27-28. He is working at the McGill Pulp and Paper Research Institute during the summer.

E. Anvik ('51-'53) visited the School on May 1st. He is working with a pulp and paper company in Windsor Mills, P.Q., for the summer.

The following Old Boys played in the Chairman's School Cricket game on May 12: The Headmaster ('28-'32) The Chairman, W. Mitchell ('16-'19; '23-'26); R. R. McLernon ('26-'30); D. Doheny ('27-'34); H. Doheny ('26-'33).

P. McEntyre ('27-'35) played in the Father's Prep School Cricket game on May 21.

The following Old Boys were present at the Confirmation Service, held at St. Mark's Chapel on May 13: P. McEntyre ('27-'35); P. von Colditz ('28-'37); D. Ross ('25-'31); L. Tomlinson ('37-'40); J. Chapman ('46-'50); M. A. Ashworth ('47-'53).

Brig. C. M. Drury ('25-'29), C.B.E., D.S.O., E.D., was the Reviewing Officer at the Annual Inspection of the Cadet Corps, held on May 16. He was accompanied

by Major W. Doheny ('30-'38) and Major E. Chambers ('36-'39) of the Black Watch.

Malcolm Evans ('47-'50) visited the School May 15-18.

G. E. Cross ('28-'37) visited the School on May 16.

J. Munster ('44-'46), the Royal Canadian Navy, is on loan to the U.S. Navy and stationed in Boston.

Brig. J. Price ('09-'15) and P. L. MacDougall ('22-'32) visited the School early in May.

The following Old Boys were among the many present at the Inspection of the Cadet Corps on May 16: W. O. Sharp ('19-'23); G. A. Sharp ('23-'28); W. M. Sharp ('49-'55); G. N. Moseley ('18-'23); M. Call ('45-'48); P. Duffield ('52-'55); M. Pick ('48-'55); W. Badger ('43-'53); J. Pratt ('48-'54); B. Mitchell ('45-'53); M. Evans ('47-'50).

J. Teare ('53-'55), a member of the internationally known singing group, 'Cayuga Waiters,' of Cornell University, attended the annual visit to Nassau in May.

J. Jenkins ('41-'43) lives at 333, Walmer Road, Toronto. He is married and has one child.

Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Love, former housemaster at Chapman House, and now at the University of Toronto, visited Lennoxville during the Dominion Drama Festival, May 14-19.

G. P. Porter ('42-'52), with Gayport Shipping Co., Toronto; M. H. Gordon ('53-'55); J. Hugessen ('45-'51) all visited the School May 18-19.

C. McConnell ('47-'53) visited the School May 26-27. He is at the University of New Brunswick.

S. Woods ('51-'53) visited the School on May 26. He is with the Royal Canadian Regiment.

L. Hollander ('47-'51) visited the School on June 1. He is working in Toronto with the C.I.L. and hopes to take his M.Comm. degree there in Business administration.

J. Lundon ('47-'51) is in Toronto and hopes to enter medical faculty of University of Toronto this fall.

K. Soutar ('46-'51) and I. Soutar ('49-'53) visited the School on May 25.



THE FAT LIFE OF PEACE

Part of the address given by Col. C. G. M. Grier, former Headmaster of the School, at the Old Boys' Dinner on March 1st, 1956.

I have been looking forward to this reunion for a long time. Thank you for the introduction and your welcome. It is good to be back where there are B.C.S. people, good to find that faces are still familiar in spite of the ravages of time: good to feel that I have no particular responsibility—except that of making a speech.

It was not until John Churchill-Smith asked me for my subject, and later when I remembered that those who have nothing to say should refrain from giving a verbal demonstration, that the pleasures of anticipation began to be mixed with the discomforts of mental effort.

The resulting malaise did not last long—in fact no longer than it took me to realize that I could probably say what I pleased, and if that did not appear to be related too closely to the title which I gave your chairman, it would not matter very much.

The fact is that I told John I would talk about "The Fat Life of Peace"... but pay no attention to that if you think it implies an invidious comparison between the days when one was a headmaster and the days when one is not.

You will discover that I want to talk about the school, and about some of the things which happened when I was there, and about some of the people who were there when I was there. I know that while retrospect is not permitted to a headmaster, it is perhaps the paramount privilege of an Old Boy. The Old Boy makes use of this privilege—for better or for worse—and it may be a useful corrective to find that an ex-headmaster is capable of following his example. Moreover, I am sufficiently unprogressive to think that Old Boy's dinners should be exercises in retrospect.

It does not take long for a Headmaster to realize that no Old Boy is the least impressed by a new building, or a new piece of equipment, or a new and appropriate regulation. He is interested in what is old. He will rush through the new building to seek out the foul corner of the Tunnel where he used to smoke, or search in vain for the fume cabinet from which Ferdie Shupe used to pollute the air of the entire building, or talk with affection of the days when there was no Boys' Bank except the weekly quarter (and the weekly cheque from home), or he will settle down in the fug of Don Clarke's back premises to apotheosize fagging or to enlarge the memories of athletic prowess, including, by implication, his own.

When the Old Boy writes to his Headmaster, this is what he says,

"I miss the playing fields: I miss old Bob Dunsmore shocking all the masters with his language: I miss the scrimmages and the downfield tackling and the early

morning signal practice. I miss the scrimmages and the press-ups and the crunch-walk, and running around the field. I miss the games and the purple and white goal-posts and the dormitory inspections: the tuck-shop and the classrooms and the prefects' room—it smelt like a bar most of the time, you will remember, sir. . .

Smells and people! Who said that the human race is losing its sense of smell through disuse? No one who has ever lived on the banks of the St. Francis.

"I miss the dorms and the cubicles and I can still remember the smell of the old place when you first walk in after the holidays, a smell you soon get used to and becomes a part of you like your football underwear. I miss Mr. Love's jovial spirit: I miss the Sunday evenings with C.J. and Mrs. Davis: I miss the arguments we used to have at table with Mr. Patriquin: I miss Old Sigge and Herby and Uncle Louis. I wish now that I had taken up Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Pattison on that wager that I wouldn't get 90 in Geometry, and Mr. Patriquin's bet that I wouldn't get my matric at all."

Well, may not an old headmaster, sharing much of this—and missing it—look back, too? He may, and he will. But how to start, with any hope of finishing?

The only hope for you is to let me be still another "man with a manuscript." My choice of manuscript is slanted: since I can't reminisce from your angle (although I might add a footnote or two) I shall reminisce from mine—and you can supply the footnotes. I am armed with a fistful of documents which are extracts from my correspondence file. They may remind you of something just as they have reminded me. They will give you an idea of the Fat Life of Peace which all headmasters lead, and as I wade through them you will eventually get a visual demonstration of the fact that I must surely be stopping soon.

Sept. 17, 1931. 'As regards the dinner, I find that the report has been rather well circulated that we are going to have one, and I think it would be a pity to postpone it too long.'

That pin-points this dinner, for this evening's affair is in the nature of a 25th anniversary—a fact which you may have overlooked. Twenty-five years ago the Old Boys' Association was revived, or re-born or whatever happens to an organization whose activities have been allowed to languish over a period of years: twenty-five years ago there was such a dinner as this. I was there. I spoke—and only the good offices of the chairman, Mr. Tom Molson, prevented me from being lynched.

June, 1932. "I have to inform you" (obviously a painful duty)... that the Grant Hall medal has been won again by C.L.O. Glass. I believe it is correct to credit Glass with a bar to the medal and to inscribe the new medal with the name of the runner-up, D. Doheny."

That pin-points the Headmaster.

July, 1937. "The cricket team did well in Halifax, both on the field and off it. We lost the first match to the Garrison by 199 to 163. Another score of 163 in our second match gave us a favourable draw. In the third match, the boys made a disastrous start, losing five wickets for no runs. But Carson and Churchill-Smith pulled the side together and we had made 105 before we were all out."

That pin-points our chairman.

October, 1931. 'I would like to remind you that it will be necessary to adopt every means of economy that you can, because the expenditures already made have put our bank balance in a little worse position than usual.'

This masterpiece of understatement from the Chairman of the Board pin-points me.

June, 1932. 'There is an outcry among the parents at the lateness of the arrival of the Governor-General, preventing them getting away from the School at the usual time. I am afraid that not many will wait until he leaves. . . . It is most important that the Quebec boys should catch the evening train.'

That pin-points the parents.

February, 1938. "Shortly after the return of the boys in January, an epidemic of grippé broke out and was soon complicated by the appearance of measles. Before long, the swollen neck-glands—now diagnosed as infectious mononucleosis—appeared. Three of the measles cases developed mastoids. A little later, the ordinary measles was crossed with the German variety. The sum total of all this was 93 bed cases."

That pin-points you.

May, 1939, "Very many thanks for the school magazine of Bishop's College School. We spent a delightful day there last year, and I thought it quite the best school I had ever seen in Canada."

That letter, from a Governor-General's aide, pin-points the School.

Well, you have been very patient, and I must finish. May I quote and—I fear—repeat?

"Schools as old as B.C.S. were not in origin based on any logical theory, nor were they the creation of inspired educational reformers. They were founded on the needs of the time, and they have grown and prospered in proportion to the ideas and work and sacrifices of a vast number of men and women and boys. Their age is a proof of their value to the people and of their place in our national life.

But in their very age there lurks danger, because, once established, we tend to stop thinking about them and working for them and they exist for us in terms of the events of the past instead of the needs of the present and the responsibilities of the future."

That is the danger of the fat life of peace, so far as the School is concerned. And for us, it is getting to be a fat life—let's admit it. The war came as a bitter blow to me, for a war had hit me once before, just as I was leaving school, and I knew what lay in store for many boys and for the school which was their foster-parent. But the "risks of war are personal, while the risks of peace embrace humanity."

Most of us here are veterans: we know the discipline of war. May I read to you what Hugh Popham, the author of *Sea Flight* (a navy story which I recommend to you for its drama, its style and its sensitivity) has to say in his conclusion? 'To be familiar with danger, to be often exceedingly frightened, to have to do a job at which mind and nerves rebel; such things are not readily come by nowadays. We lead more comfortable lives and pay for our complacency with dulled sensibilities.'

"Dulled sensibilities!" That's the phrase. What hope for a school, a residential school, if there are dulled sensibilities, whether they be there or here. We run two great risks to-day, and, upon my soul, I feel that the more acceptable of them is war—unless we are prepared to reject it for the sake of the children of the world. The second risk is what Robert Linder describes as 'the dehumanizing process. . . the sociopolitical pressure on all men to conform, in thought, action and aspiration, to the lowest common denominator of their kind.' That is what our dulled sensibilities are permitting.

What of it? For us it is a choice between the fat life and protest. Protest—in—action. Positive: not negative. For the School—and if the events of the past remind us of the responsibilities of the future—it is an invitation to give to the Headmaster everything he needs to provide the stimuli—and I mean every letter of that word—to impel a present and a future generation not to be content with humdrum peaceful lives.

I am thinking of this kind of thing—and I conclude with a letter from Peter Holt, who wrote the letter with which I began my reminiscences—

"What is it you need most at the School? I always said I'd like to give the School something to remember me by when I died, and as that may not be far off now, I'd better start thinking about it. I was thinking about a separate library. Apologies to the Hooper Library, but some place a little more secluded.

However, I'd better stop, or you'll be thinking me a fatalist. But it really doesn't bother me much: I explained it all to you before."

B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

LIST OF MEMBERS—MAY 1st, 1956

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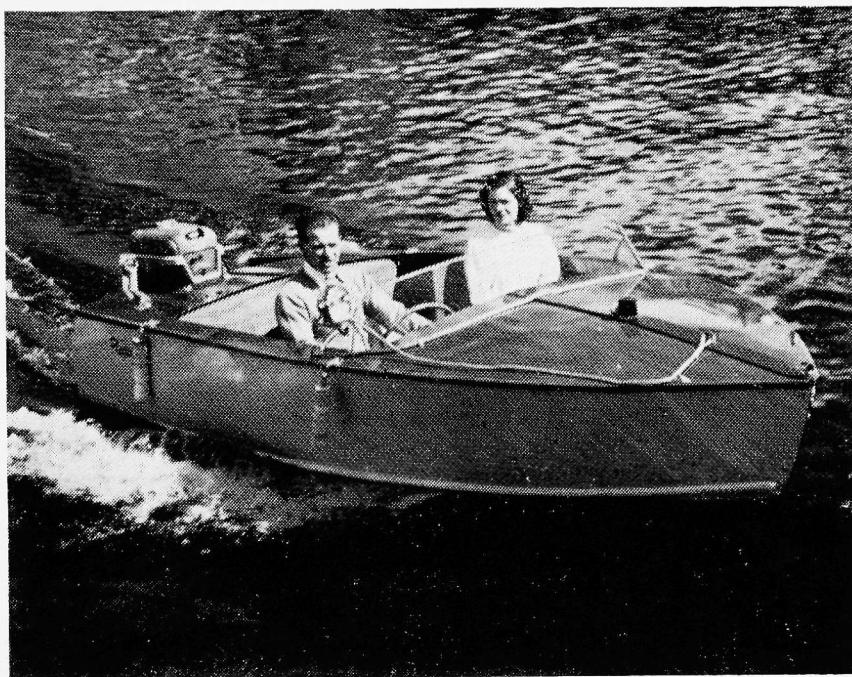
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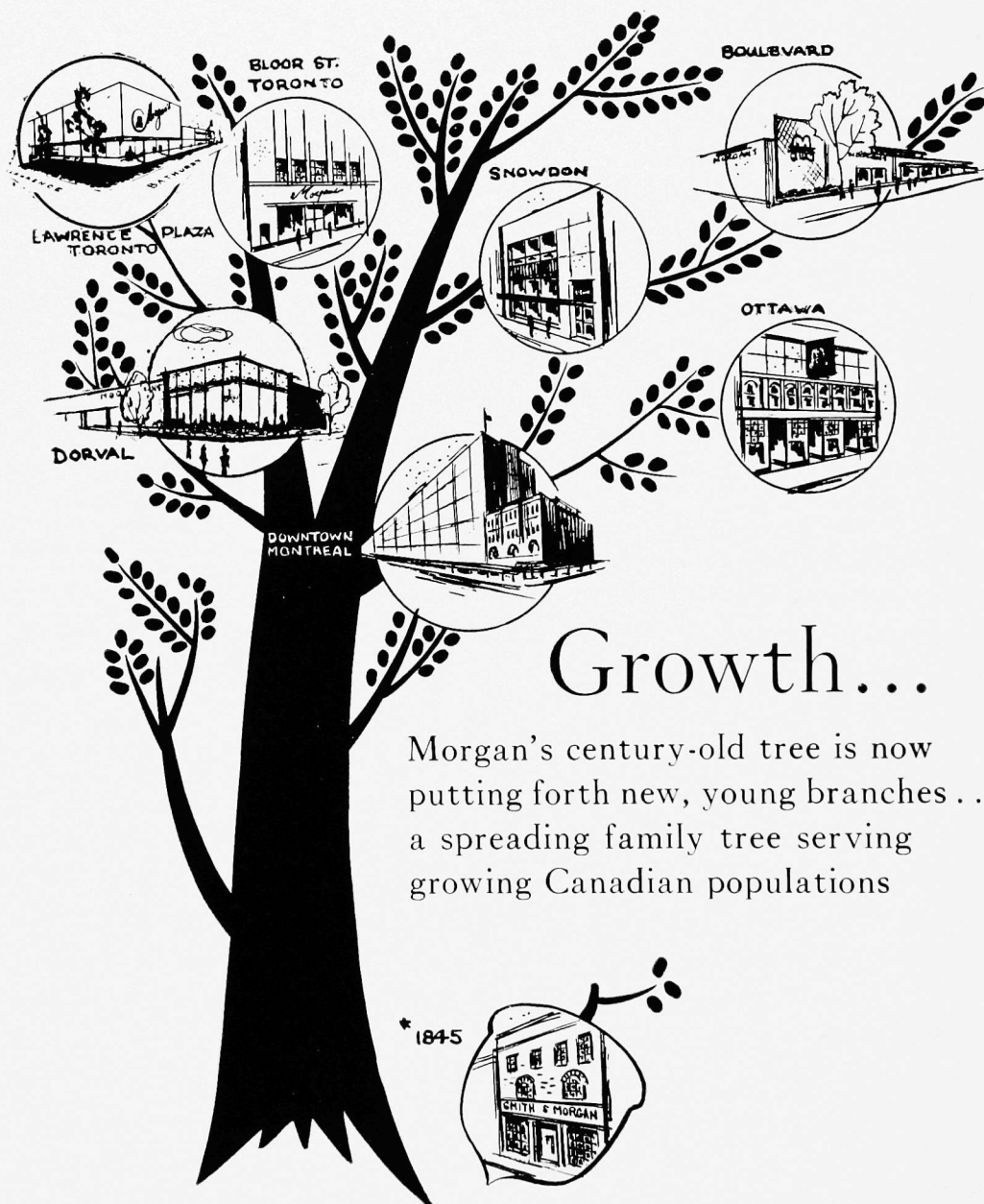
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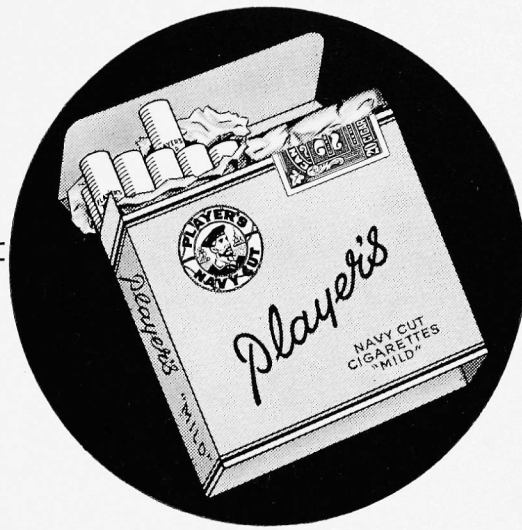
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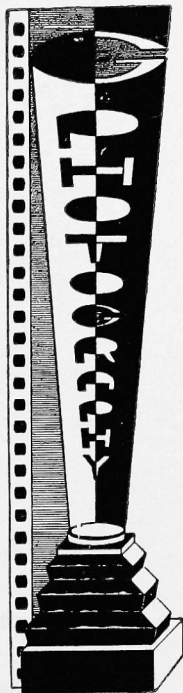
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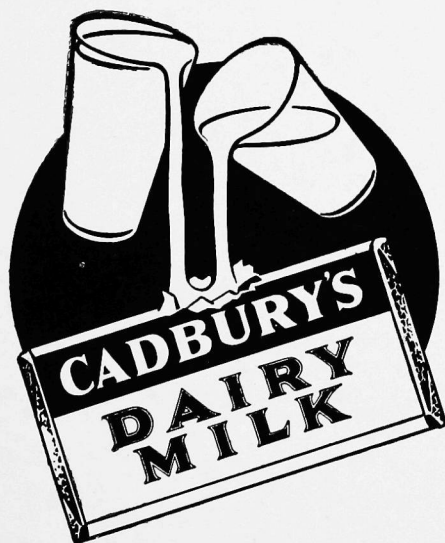
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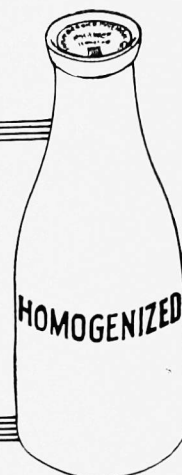
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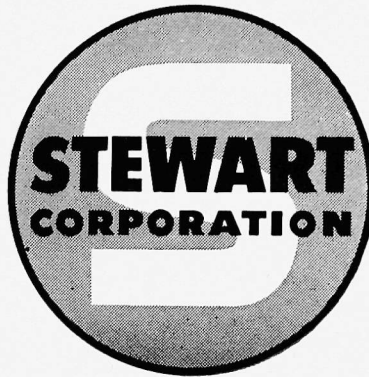
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